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THE LOVES OF SPRING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I love the earliest grass
  That dons its mantle green,
And ventures with such fearless eye
  Dissolving snows between.

I love the unfolding bud
  That like a babe awakes,
When Spring beside its cradle-sheath
  Her watch maternal takes.

I love the ivy-plants,
  Aspiring through the sod,
To climb the sacred Temple walls
  Where Christians worship God.

I love the snow-drop pure
  That bides the nipping air,
And bendeth like a docile child
  To say its evening prayer.

I love the brooklets small
  That glide o'er hill and plain,
And full of gladness sing His praise
  Who broke their icy chain.

I love the moss and fern
  Whose undistinguish'd gem
Scarcely a busy throng regard,
  Yet God remembereth them.

I love all living things,
  That share our Father's love,
And by their beauty lure our souls
  To seek His home above.

Hartford, Connecticut.

LADY ASHLEIGH.

A TALE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

> How will crime engender crime!
> COLEMAN THE YOUNGER.

The sudden departure of the Marchioness of Belgrave and her lovely daughters for their family seat in the north of England gave birth, as our readers may suppose, to a variety of conjectures among the guests at Henston Hall.

Gradually the cause oozed out. The very dear friend to whom it had been imparted in the strictest confidence by the clever mamma, whispered it to one or two most particular friends, who, under a solemn promise of secrecy, repeated it again to twice as many others.

The consequence was, that before the day was well over, the engagement of Lord Lutestring to Lady Margaret Pimlico became known to every visitor at the house.

Some smiled, others sneered; the ladies affected to pity the gentleman, the gentlemen to pity the lady.

All agreed that it was an ill-assorted match, and predicted it would end unhappily.

"What can she see in him?" asked Captain Vivian of every one with whom he conversed upon the subject.

Theophilus Yallop looked exceedingly puzzled; his daughter simpered; Lady Priory and the Misses Cavendish smiled significantly. The old maid was the only person who answered the question honestly.

"Seventy thousand a year and a coronet," she replied.

"I knew he could not have cut me out fairly," observed the rejected lover, with a sigh.

"All your fault. You remember the old song?"

"I detest old songs, and——"

"Old women," added the spinster, dropping him a curtsey.

With a good-humored air, she commenced humming the lines—

> "'He that will not when he may,
> When he will he shall have nay.'"

"How *feelingly* you sing them," exclaimed Charles Dorrilon, laughingly. "What are the lines? Do repeat them once more:

> '*She* that will not when she may,
> When she will *she* shall have nay.'

Am I right?" he added.

"No, sir, you are not right, and never are right," answered the lady, sharply; "and I have a great inclination to quarrel with you for your impertinence in supposing such a thing. It is mean and cowardly," she continued, "to attack a woman with—with——"

"Her own weapons?" suggested the barrister.

"Well, yes; her own weapons, if you will. I won't deny it."

"Ours are less successful," observed the gentleman.

"Probably because they are *less polished*," retorted the old maid. "Not another word! or I declare war to the knife, as the Spaniards say."

Dorrilon placed his hand upon his heart, and bowed with mock gravity.

There was one personage more seriously annoyed at Lady Margaret's success than even her dearest friends—the Honorable Edward Pumpkin. The marriage of his uncle was a blow he had never contemplated. An heir would cut him out of the peerage and estates; it appeared doubly hard to lose them, after acting the sycophant so many years in order to secure them; and he resolved to remonstrate with his aged relative on the injustice.

"Am I to copy the letter you are writing, my lord?" he inquired, as they were seated together in the peer's dressing-room.

"Thank you, Ned; no, not this one," replied his uncle, rather confusedly, for he recollected the promises he had so repeatedly made never to marry.

"Private, my lord?"

"Strictly private," repeated his lordship.

"And yet I dare wager the purport of it is known to every visitor in the house," observed the nephew. "The Marchioness of Belgrave has played her cards well. As for her daughter——"

"Not a word against that sweet, sensible girl," interrupted the venerable wooer. "It is not my fault if I have created an interest in her young and innocent heart."

"Young!" repeated the Honorable Edward; "why, she has been out these three seasons. She angled hard for Lord Lorpton; flirted with Wintringham; waltzed herself thin with the Marquis of Dugdale; hunted with Lumley; and would have accepted Vivian if he had not been so dilatory in making up his mind."

Lord Lutestring smiled incredulously.

"Fact! Ask any of your friends."

"*Your friends*, you mean," replied the peer. "I can understand your disappointment far more readily than your injustice to the angelic Margaret."

"Angelic nonsense, uncle!"

Lord Lutestring looked exceedingly shocked.

"You have been caught by the manœuvring mother and her well-trained daughter," continued the speaker. "As for my disappointment, I confess, since you allude to it, that I am disappointed—miserably disappointed. After all your promises to me, too! You have no excuse for breaking them."

"The fairest. Love, Ned—love!" simpered his lordship. "In one respect, my dear boy, you are wrong, positively and entirely wrong. Lady Margaret rejected Vivian before I proposed to her."

The nephew shrugged his shoulders.

"I overheard her in the library."

"Then she must have known you were there," said the honorable Edward Pumpkin.

"We will waive the subject, if you please," observed his relative, with an air of offended dignity. "Anger and remonstrance will prove equally useless, for my honor and happiness are pledged to my union with Lady Margaret Pimlico. Of course," he added, "I shall provide for you——"

The countenance of the disappointed heir brightened at this announcement.

"*By my patronage.*"

As his nephew had never known it succeed in obtaining any appointment more important than a tidewaiter's place or a clerkship in the Treasury for the son of some needy dependent, his features became clouded again.

"I'd rather have Chelsworth," he replied.

"Chelsworth goes with the title."

"Monks Ely, then."

"Strictly entailed," added his lordship. "And even if it were not, it would never do to weaken the influence in the county of one of the most devotedly attached supporters of the throne and altar. The times are too dangerous for such an experiment. As I observed in my speech at the last county meeting——"

"I made three copies of it, my lord," interrupted the nephew, somewhat brusquely, "and need not trouble you to repeat it."

"Umph!" ejaculated his lordship, musingly.

"Woodlands, at least, is at your disposal."

"I have nothing to *give* you," observed the peer, drily. "Must keep up the family dignity. Besides, I may have a numerous family of my own."

"Not unlikely," said the Honorable Edward Pumpkin, in a significant tone.

Lord Lutestring smiled complacently.

"The provision I alluded to," he continued, "is marriage."

"A marriage!"

"Yes; a wealthy one. Miss Yallop will have a hundred thousand pounds for her portion. Her father told me so himself."

Had the noble lord-in-waiting proposed that his nephew should espouse Medusa, or one of the Harpies, the young man could not have felt more intensely horrified; for the lady in question was not only an unlovely, but a most unlovable person. Captain Vivian had nicknamed her the "forlorn hope."

"Miss Yallop!" he repeated, looking exceedingly bilious as he pronounced her name. "Why, the girl is positively hideous!"

"Do be a little more parliamentary in your expletives, Ned," said his lordship. "'Hideous' is a strong word—very strong when speaking of a lady, and shocks the ears of refinement. You are degenerating—becoming quite radical in your language."

"Hang it! the thing is too absurd! I could as well make love to an Egyptian mummy!" exclaimed the nephew. "She is as prosy as one of her father's speeches."

"And will have a hundred thousand pounds!"

"Then she has no style."

"A hundred thousand pounds!"

"No accomplishments."

"A hundred thousand pounds [illegible]

"*More so than without it*," [illegible] retorted his uncle, in a tone of provoking indifference; for the nephew had nettled the old man's vanity and self-love.

"What is your income, Ned?" he added.

"Your lordship knows well enough: seven hundred a year; a life charge upon Chelsworth, which my grandfather left me."

"And your debts?"

The Honorable Edward Pumpkin shrugged his shoulders. He had not the slightest notion how much they amounted to.

"It would never take," he muttered, musingly. "Her father looks upon his daughter's hand as a stepping-stone to a baronetcy."

"I have already had some conversation with him upon the subject," observed the peer.

"And how did he receive it?"

"Favorably," was the reply. "You have only to make yourself agreeable to the young lady—no very difficult task—and leave the rest to me."

The Honorable Edward Pumpkin looked as if he had just swallowed a black draught, gave a deep-drawn sigh, and then resigned himself like a martyr to his fate. What could he do? The estates and his uncle's peerage in all probability were lost to him. Miss Yallop and her hundred thousand pounds were the next best things in the market.

That same evening, in the drawing-room, the visitors were exceedingly amused by the marked attentions paid by the handsome nephew to the extremely plain young lady, and the half-bashful, half-conscious air with which she received them. Fortunately, there was no danger of trifling with her affections in the case; Priscilla being perfectly prepared to bestow, withhold, or withdraw them, at a very short notice, or scarcely any notice at all, just as papa directed her.

"Your friend has very soon found consolation under his disappointment," observed Miss Currey to Captain Vivian, with whom she had been discussing the engagement of Lord Lutestring and Lady Margaret Pimlico.

"Ned is a philosopher," answered the gentleman. "But he is right. What better can he do?"

"Work," said the old maid, decidedly.

"What with?"

"Not his head. We know what the result of that would be."

"Ah! yes," drawled the captain.

"With his hands," continued Miss Currey. "He has such things, I presume, like any other human being. Were I a man, I would wrestle with misfortune till I overcame her; for, like most of our sex, she is at heart a coward, I suspect. A brave heart, a bold front, and a strong hand will put her to flight, or change her frowns to smiles.

"I could pity him," she added, "if I did not feel tempted to despise him.'

The gentleman replied only by a look of surprise. The idea of any one in society working appeared to him the most unfeminine suggestion that had ever fallen from the lips of a lady. *Out of society*, as a matter of course, he considered it perfectly immaterial what any one did.

His friend, if he had heard the old maid's observation, would doubtless have been of the same opinion as himself.

Convinced that Lady Ashleigh was too completely in the toils to escape him, Mr. Arlon counted the hours with impatience. Two days had already elapsed since their interview at the fountain; another, and her fate would be decided. No feeling of remorse entered his selfish heart at the thought of bringing dishonor and desolation on the home of his now happy cousin. On the contrary, he gloried in the prospect—it gave an additional zest to his anticipated triumph.

"*To-morrow!*" he murmured to himself, as his eyes glanced with an insolent expression from the clock upon the marble console to the pale features of his victim. "How beautiful she looks!"

Their eyes met. The unhappy weakness [illegible] *instantly left her, and her nerves became braced* like iron.

Her two daughters, Alice and Jane, came into the room to bid their father good night. The baronet kissed them fondly; and his wife, fearing lest the being she loathed should insult her feelings by repeating his caresses, led them at once away.

"Mamma!" exclaimed the elder, "I have not bid Lady Priory and Mr. Yallop good night."

"Do you not see they are engaged at the card-table, my love?"

Jane, the youngest, insisted on kissing godmamma Manvers, and her husband, as she called the barrister, who was an immense favorite with both the sisters.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Lady Ashleigh, as one of the gentlemen closed the door of the drawing-room after her—"his eyes are no longer upon me. I breathe freely again. How I hate him," she added, clenching her small white hand—"how bitterly I hate him!"

If her destroyer had heard the ejaculation, he would only have smiled.

"Are you ill, mamma?" inquired her daughter Alice, tenderly.

"A slight headache, my love—the heat of the drawing-room—it will soon pass away."

"Jane and I will pray that it may," replied the child. "Governess says that God listens to the prayers of children."

Lady Ashleigh caught the speaker in her arms, and kissed her with passionate affection. It was a relief to her overcharged heart.

"Mrs. Morris is below, and wishes to speak with your ladyship," said the head-nurse, when her mistress entered the chamber in which her daughters slept.

"What brings her to the Hall so late?" asked the unhappy woman, with affected surprise.

"She came for her son Karl, who remained to play with Master Reginald, if you please, my lady. The poor boy is ill."

"Show Esther to my dressing-room," said the mistress of Henston, hastily. "I will attend to the children."

Lady Ashleigh undressed them both, superintended their usual night toilette, heard them repeat their prayers, and sat between the two little beds till they fell asleep. Strange that she should have found time for such occupations at such a moment; but who can read the heart of a mother—its devotion, forgetfulness of self, of all but the objects of ceaseless love? Wound it, and it does but gush with increased tenderness; outrage it, and it beats with forgiveness. It is a temple in which all that is holiest and purest in Nature is enshrined; the idols may prove unworthy, but the sanctuary remains a sanctuary still.

"When next I see them," murmured Lady Ashleigh, "I shall no longer be worthy of their love. Crime will have set its blistering seal upon my brow; my life must henceforth be an acted lie—a hideous secret, known only to Heaven and myself, and another," she added, with a shudder, as she recollected her compact with Esther Morris.

She bent over the sleeping children, and imprinted a kiss upon the brow of each.

"God grant that it prove not the baptism of sorrow!" she thought, as she noticed the tears that had fallen upon their innocent faces.

The speaker, whose mind was, as our readers doubtless already have perceived, cast in no ordinary mould, had brought herself to regard her former connection with her persecutor as a terrible calamity rather than a crime. True, her soul had had no part in it, and never consented to her degradation. It had fallen upon her like an unforeseen misfortune, or some hideous plague, which no amount of prudence or virtue could have averted.

We need not wonder at the bitterness of her hate.

On entering her dressing-room, the mistress of Henston Hall was startled by the change that had taken place in the countenance of Esther; her features were pale as marble—cold, stern, and passionless. She had removed both bonnet and shawl, and with her long black hair twisted in a single braid round her lofty brow, resembled the priestess of some heathen rite, rather than a Christian woman.

"Has any one seen you, except the servants and your son?" asked Lady Ashleigh.

"Not a living thing," was the reply; "but I recognized his voice as I passed the door of the drawing-room, and felt that my task had become a duty."

"Are you prepared?"

Esther nodded in the affirmative.

"The time has been brief."

"But long enough for justice," observed the widow, "to prepare the blow."

To illustrate her meaning, the speaker drew from her bosom a long, slender phial, filled with a liquid so pure and colorless that the most careful observer would have pronounced it water.

"Will no taste detect it?"

"None."

"Esther," observed her ladyship, "you possess fearful knowledge."

Mrs. Morris smiled.

"How did you obtain it?"

"My father, as you have heard me say, was a surgeon to one of the Company's native regiments. In our compound on the hills, he had ample opportunity, as well as time, to devote himself to his favorite pursuit—botany. He could not educate me as girls are usually educated—to figure in the waltz, to play and sing, work useless embroidery, make unmeaning sketches, and call them drawings from Nature; but he taught me all he knew, and it has served me more than once."

"Heaven help and pardon us!" murmured Lady Ashleigh.

"Pardon!" repeated the unscrupulous woman. "Pardon is for criminals; our deed is a sacrifice, and not a crime. I have interrogated my heart—for I have such a thing—taken counsel with my conscience, and both assure me that the death of Mark Arlon will be an act of justice. If, however, you think otherwise, it is [illegible] ed; [illegible]

"*It is, it is.*"

"*And the alternative in his*," added Esther. "Your husband's misery, your children's shame."

At these words her hearer rose from the seat on which she had thrown herself, as suddenly as if she had received an electric shock; her eyes flashing; her delicately chiselled nostrils slightly distended with indignation and shame.

"Never!" she exclaimed; "never!"

"Calm yourself."

"A momentary weakness, Esther. Humanity will make itself heard. But I am calm now, fixed in my hatred of him, pitiless as his own vile nature. My husband and children! Thank you for reminding me of them; though I scarcely needed it, for my resolution has long since been taken. They shall never blush at the tale of my disgrace."

"In which room does he sleep?"

"The amber chamber."

"Let us go," said the woman; "the servants, by this time, are at supper, and we shall be unobserved."

Lady Ashleigh took the small silver lamp from the dressing-room table, and without uttering a word, walked towards the door, followed by the speaker. Everything appeared to favor their design. They did not encounter a single domestic in the corridors; and, if they had, the excuse would have been ready; they were about to visit Karl, who, in obedience to his mother's instructions, had pretended sickness as an excuse for remaining at the Hall all night.

The amber chamber, so called from the prevailing hue of the tapestry and hangings, although exceedingly old-fashioned, was one of the most luxuriously furnished in the house. Large, roomy, down-cushioned chairs stood on each side of the fire-place, in which a wood-fire was cheerfully burning. At the foot of the bed there were two couches *en suite*, and a magnificently inlaid wardrobe and cabinet.

The toilet service also was of peculiar beauty, formed of rare old Venetian glass, placed upon a table inlaid by the cunning hands of the mosaic workers of Florence.

It was towards this table that Esther Morris directed her steps. Taking up the water-bottles, one by one, she poured into each a portion of the contents of the phial she carried in her bosom, and cast the rest into the basin and ewer, in almost equal parts.

"It is done," she whispered.

"Should he not drink?" gasped her companion.

"Let him but dip his hand into the water, it will prove sufficient," was the reply.

Lady Ashleigh shuddered.

"It is time you returned to the drawing-room," said the widow. "Do not look so pale—smell this sachet, the perfume will revive you. There, the color has returned to your tell-tale cheeks again," she added, marking the effect. "Take it with you. You can conceal it in your handkerchief, or glove."

"Do not leave me," faltered the mistress of Henston; "I dread the horrors of this night."

"Childish and weak," replied her confederate; "but I can remain if you wish it—and perhaps it will be best; the discovery in the morning may shake your nerves. I shall descend to the housekeeper's room, and say that I have your permission to sleep at the Hall, in case my son should become worse."

"Children are incautious," observed the lady. "Is there no fear Karl may betray that his illness is merely an assumed one?"

"Not the slightest," was the reply. "I have trained him for an end."

"For an end?"

"Have you forgotten our compact?" demanded the widow, sternly.

Lady Ashleigh made no reply, but silently quitted the room with her companion.

"Our friends have missed you, my love," observed Sir Harry, as his wife—her features calm

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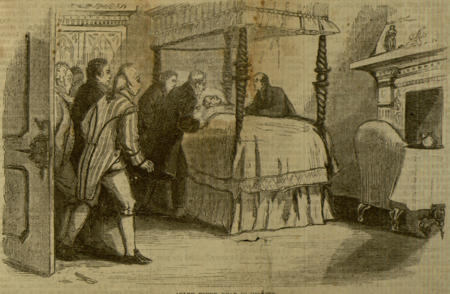

ARLON FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED.

and collected—made her re-appearance in the drawing-room.

"Poor Karl is ill," was the reply.

"Who is Karl?" whispered Mr. Arion to Lady Manvers.

"A child, the son of one of the servants," answered the dowager. "He is frequently at the Hall as a playfellow and companion to the young heir."

The gentleman inquired no further. Had the speaker by any accident pronounced the name of Esther, a terrible design in all probability would have been defeated.

"Anything to avoid me," he thought, and immediately commenced a conversation upon a widely different subject.

CHAPTEK VI.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for the world to come.
BLAIR.

If any feeling of remorse lingered in the breast of Lady Ashleigh, it would have been effectually extinguished by the assured, triumphant look her persecutor gave her as he extended his hand to bid her good night.

"Death cancels every debt," thought his victim, as, with less reluctance than she generally displayed, she gave it to him.

"She accepts her fate," murmured the villain, as he entered his chamber; "yields like a sensible woman to the destiny she cannot avoid. I wonder whether she has decided upon flying with me, or remaining beneath her husband's roof? *N'importe.* I care not which, provided she is mine again."

His mind was so occupied by these reflections that the presence of his valet appeared irksome, and he at once dismissed him.

"At the usual hour in the morning, sir?" inquired the man, as he quitted the room.

"Yes. Mind that I answer when you knock. I have particular reasons for not wishing to be late."

"I shall be punctual, sir."

These words were the last uttered by any human voice, except his own, that ever fell upon the ear of the deeply guilty man, who nodded carelessly, so impatient did he feel to be alone. His first care directly the valet left him was to draw the bolt of the chamber door, to prevent any officious intrusion on the part of his servant again. That done, he exchanged his coat for a dressing-gown, then sank into one of the luxuriously-cushioned chairs by the fireside, and commenced indulging in a train of reflections.

"Harry will call me out," he muttered to himself, "when the affair is discovered, as I will take care it shall be. Let him; my hand never failed me yet. He must pay me first, though; that will require time. How the thought of being my debtor will wring his heart and fret his proud spirit! I sometimes think he feels that I hate him.

"Yes, I do hate him," he continued, after a pause. "His oily tongue won from me the only woman I ever really loved. I was a weak-hearted boy then, and, if I recollect rightly, shed bitter tears when I first made the discovery. Tears! Ha, ha, ha! tears! Who that knows Mark Arion now would suspect he had ever been guilty of such weakness?"

The wretched man laughed bitterly, like one in scorn of himself.

"But for him I might have been a husband and a father—had children to love me whilst living, and mourn over me, perhaps, when dead. What is the use of the enormous wealth I have gained?—use? None. Strangers may inherit it —the lawyers [illegible] for it—the [illegible] take it, for ought I care, provided no one of the race of Ashleigh ever benefit a farthing by my toils."

The recollection that he had not yet made a will suddenly struck him, and he mentally resolved that another week should not pass over his head without repairing the omission; as, in the event of his dying intestate, his cousin would inherit all.

"If I did not feel so strong and well," he thought, "the idea might make me nervous. Whew! how close the room is. I am too near the fire."

Mr. Arion rose from the chair, and walked towards one of the large bay windows. Drawing aside the curtains, he stood for several minutes intently contemplating the park, with its lake and noble plantations, perfectly visible in the bright moonlight.

A smile stole over his still handsome features. "How proud Harry used to be of the old oaks and the wide stretching woods his grandfather planted!" he ejaculated, with a hollow chuckle, that sounded unpleasantly in the vast, old-fashioned, tapestried chamber. "Only to think that my will—*mine*—can fell every tree, and leave him still my debtor!

"No wonder that men worship gold, waste the best energies of youth and manhood in battling to obtain it. It is the real sovereign of the world—the true elixir vitæ—a weapon and a defence against our enemies.

"Pshaw!" he added. "I am a fool, a dreamer, to indulge in such reflections. They advance no real purpose, unless to cheat the imagination and fever the blood. I will to bed at once, and sleep, if my thoughts will let me."

Either the wine the speaker had taken at dinner—he was in the habit of indulging freely—or the heat of the apartment, had created a sensation of thirst. Walking to the toilette table, he took up one of the Venetian bottles, filled a glass with water, and drank it.

Whatever the nature of the drug the widow had prepared, it was tasteless as well as colorless, for not the slightest suspicion of there being anything unusual in the draught once struck him.

A few minutes afterwards the head of the wretched debauchee, still filled with thickly-crowding fancies, which would continue to press upon him, reposed upon his pillow.

A feeling of drowsiness gradually crept over him, invading every limb, but not the brain—that continued active as ever, teeming with a thousand fantastic images, each succeeding the other like a troop of conscience-startled phantoms. Being unaccompanied by pain, this peculiar state inspired no alarm, and the doomed man would not have been startled from his waking dreams had not the sensation of thirst once more oppressed him. He struggled against it for some time, till it became intolerable, and then attempted to rise from the bed. The muscles refused to perform their office—he could move neither hand nor foot.

Cold dews of terror started upon his forehead; he tried to call for assistance; inarticulate murmurs, too faint to be heard beyond the chamber, broke from his lips. Voice as well as strength were gone.

In this state Mr. Arion remained for several hours, a prey to all the agonies of rage, remorse, and despair; every minute appearing like an age, in which the events of his evil life passed in review before him, terribly distinct, hideous in the startling reality with which they confronted his mental vision. He knew that he was poisoned, and guessed the hand that had done it.

The thought that henceforth Lady Ashleigh would live happily with her husband and children, her honor unstained, her crime unsuspected—for the chances of detection were but few—inflicted a keener pang than the certainty of approaching death, or the recollection that her husband would succeed to his enormous fortune. Could the unhappy wretch have clothed his thoughts in words, how fierce would have been his words! To a mind like his it appeared doubly hard to die—every means of enjoyment, and the luxury of a long-cherished vengeance within his grasp—and to know that his death must enrich the man he would have wronged.

It is but charity to hope that before the sufferings of Mark Arion terminated, a better spirit came over him. All that remains for us to add is, that he passed away and made no sign.

The widow, whose extraordinary knowledge of simples and recondite mysteries of Nature had furnished Lady Ashleigh with the means of delivering herself from her destroyer, was equally skilled for good as well as evil, and knowing how necessary it would be for her former mistress to appear calm and composed before her guests when the discovery took place, had prepared a draught which exercised a powerful influence over the nerves, holding them in complete subordination to the will. This she took occasion to administer the first thing in the morning, on entering her ladyship's dressing-room, under pretence of thanking her for permitting her to remain all night at the Hall to watch over her son.

"And how is Karl?" inquired the now guilty woman, nervously.

"Better, much better," replied Esther. "He can breathe freely now. *The danger has passed.* Dismiss your maid," she added in a whisper.

"Elise, go and prepare my bath."

"You must drink this," said the speaker, as soon as the girl had quitted the room.

"What is it?"

"That which you most require—strength, self-possession, safety. A mask to baffle the prying eyes of curious observers."

"Oh! I have passed a fearful night," sighed the mistress of Henston.

"Mine has not been without its shadows," remarked her visitor, drily. "Do as I have done, drink of this and forget them."

There was nothing unusual in the appearance of Lady Ashleigh when she took her seat, a few hours later, at the breakfast table—there was the same quiet smile and friendly greeting for her guests. Her eyes, perhaps, were a little brighter; but her nerves continued unshaken. They did not fail her when the butler entered the room, and whispered something to Sir Harry. His mistress knew their import as well as if she had heard them.

"Excuse me for a few moments, my love," said the baronet, rising from his seat and hastily quitting the apartment.

Those guests who were present began to regard each other, and mutually remark who were absent from the table.

In a few moments the butler returned with a message for Charles Dorrilon and Captain Vivian. His master wished to speak with them.

On entering the library, the captain and barrister found Sir Harry looking perplexed and agitated. He was conversing with the valet of Mr. Arlon.

"Did it ever occur before?" they heard him ask.

"Never," replied the man.

"I am glad you have come, Dorrilon," exclaimed the baronet. "This person informs me that he has knocked several times at the door of his master's chamber, who ordered him to call him at the usual hour, and obtained no answer."

"Break it open," exclaimed Vivian, in a careless tone.

"Certainly," said the barrister.

Accompanied by their host and several of the [illegible] the speakers proceeded to the amber room, and soon forced an entrance; when, as our readers no doubt anticipate, they discovered Mr. Arlon dead in his bed; not a feature in his countenance distorted by the last struggle, but calm and composed as if he had passed from life in his sleep.

"How sudden!" exclaimed Sir Harry Ashleigh, perfectly distressed—"so unprepared! so unexpected. Perhaps it is not too late. Let Doctor Haslam instantly be sent for. Call Esther; she slept last night at the Hall. She is skilled in medicine."

One of the footmen quitted the chamber to give the necessary orders.

"Too late, I fear for human assistance," observed Charles Dorrilon.

"Deucedly distressing," added the captain. "Puts an end to our ball and private theatricals."

In a few minutes the widow made her appearance, armed with salts, vinegar, and other simple remdies. After applying them for several instants to the nostrils of the deceased, she placed her hand upon his brow, and shook her head.

"He has been dead for several hours—cold, quite cold."

"Apoplexy," said the baronet, "no doubt; his grandfather died of it. Poor Mark!" he added; "if he was not all his friends and relatives could have wished him, he had not an unkind heart. I was largely and gratefully his debtor."

It was the avowal of a frank and manly spirit; but the world, with its usual perversity, twisted it afterwards to the disadvantage of the speaker.

"We must be cautious in breaking the intelligence to the ladies," said the barrister, "especially to Lady Manvers; a sudden shock at her age might prove fatal. Mr. Arlon, I believe, was related to her?"

"Distantly," murmured Sir Harry—"very distantly. There is one with whom still greater care must be employed—my wife.

"Lady Ashleigh," he added, "is likely again to be a mother."

"You had best undertake the task," suggested his friend. "I will inform Miss Currey of the melancholy event, and request her to impart it to the dowager."

"Better try the archdeacon," observed Vivian. "A clergyman! death! duty!—understands all that sort of thing, you know."

Dorrilon persisted in his opinion, adding, that the old maid's heart was kindlier than her temper. He was right, for Miss Currey imparted the intelligence so quietly, that the venerable Lady Manvers, although greatly shocked, experienced no lasting ill effects from it.

As a matter of course, the death of Mr. Arlon broke up the party at Henston Hall. The Misses Cavendish left an hour after hearing of it. Lady Priory departed before dinner. Mrs. General Orby, accompanied by her nephew Lord Loftus, and her dear friend Mrs. Lawson, with whom she was in the habit of quarrelling every night at whist, and making it up in the morning, started the following day. As for the gentlemen, several of them, including Lord Lutestring, his nephew, the Yallops, and Captain Vivian, remained till after the inquest.

As the peer observed, he could not think of leaving without his dispatches.

Sir Harry Ashleigh was delighted by the firmness with which his wife received the news. The flood of tears that followed relieved her; they were the first she had dared to shed for the last three days in her husband's presence.

There is a peculiar majesty in Death; even the most thoughtless and light-hearted feel his presence; and during the rest of the day Vivian and the Honorable Edward Pumpkin maintained a decorous silence. The next morning they pronounced the affair a bore, and the captain proposed a game of billiards.

This was immediately after breakfast.

Mr. Yallop looked exceedingly grave, and said something about impropriety and want of feeling.

"We can lock ourselves in, and close the baize door," observed the suitor for his daughter's hand.

The gentleman admitted that certainly might make a difference, otherwise he must decidedly have disapproved of it.

"Pooh!" ejaculated the guardsman. "Arlon enjoyed life himself, and would not wish a fellow to be moped to death on his account. We can do him no good."

"I fear not," said the former.

"Who is to mark the game for us?" exclaimed the Honorable Edward Pumpkin. "Pity Loftus has left."

Captain Vivian looked at Yallop, who replied to the mute request by a look of offended dignity.

"You forget, young gentlemen," he observed, "that the inquest takes place at two."

"Nearly three hours first," replied the friends.

"I know nothing about it," added his future son-in-law.

"Nor I," continued the guardsman. "Hum! To be sure I was present when the door was broken open, and one of the first who entered his chamber. Has the will been found?"

"I believe not."

"Lucky fellow!"

"Who?"

"Ashleigh. As next of kin he comes into everything. Not only inherits a large fortune —for Arlon was rich—but gets rid of his liabilities."

Both his hearers repeated the word "liabilities?"

"Yes. I heard him tell Dorrilon that he was deeply in his cousin's debt—said something about his cousin having been a kind-hearted man. The usual thing, you know. Made some such speech myself when my old grandfather died."

Captain Vivian did not repeat the conversation maliciously—in fact, he rather liked Sir Harry than otherwise—but simply from the want of something to talk about. He never for one instant suspected that it could be twisted to his disadvantage.

The game of billiards took place with closed doors, as the players had suggested, and terminated just in time for them to appear at the inquest, which in those days—especially where no suspicions of foul play had been excited—proved a mere matter of form. No examination of the body took place, although the baronet himself suggested it. The coroner and jury declared themselves perfectly satisfied, returned a verdict of apoplexy, and partook of an excellent lunch in the library directly afterwards.

That same evening the remaining visitors, with the exception of Charles Dorrilon, returned to town.

"In a fortnight," said the noble lord in waiting, as he shook hands with the Yallops, "I shall expect to see yourself and charming daughter at Chelsworth."

The gentleman bowed.

"My nephew will be down," added the peer, significantly.

The young lady blushed.

"Papa," she said, as they were driving towards home, "am I really to marry the Honorable Edward Pumpkin?"

"Probably—most probably."

"I don't much admire the name."

"You [illegible] careful, my love, not to compromise yo[illegible]"

"I w[illegible]"

"No; no[illegible]ay too much indifference."

"I under[illegible]pa."

"Everythi[illegible] added her father, "will depend upon Lord Lutestring's interview with the Regent. Should his Royal Highness promise, you may consider the affair as settled."

"But suppose the Regent should not promise?" observed the young lady.

"Then, my love, you will continue to remain my obedient and affectionate daughter, Priscilla Yallop."

"Just as you please, papa."

We question if many young ladies of the present day would have made so dutiful a reply.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A STORY OF THE WAR.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The driving flakes of crystalized snow tinkled like a multitude of tiny cymbals against the window, as if they would fain find their way in, and melt away upon the white odorous daphne blossoms, whose milky clusters leaned against the scarlet curtain-folds—the fire grew redder and brighter as the tempestuous March night brooded darker over the snow-bewildered sky, and the room was perfectly silent in its hushed, fragrant warmth!

Yet it was not unoccupied. Kate Conway stood on the velvet rug before the grate, with clasped hands and dark thoughtful eyes, in whose depths there was a dangerous garnet shine. She was royally handsome, with brown hair hanging in loose satin curls over her shoulders, and a pearly skin, touched with peach-like bloom on the fair, perfect cheeks. And while she pondered, with her deep red lips just parted and the arched eyebrows slightly contracted, a singular, inscrutable expression shot across her face—regret—doubt—a strange uncertainty. Was she thinking of the past? or was she wondering what might have been, if——

"Kate!"

The garnet eyes flashed into sudden brilliance, and the cheeks might have rivaled any pomegranate on the Persian hills, as she turned to smile up into Darrell Fontenoy's face.

"Taken by surprise, my little queen!" he said, pushing back the purple-black hair that over-shadowed his dark, handsome brow.—"Now tell me, frankly, what you were thinking about!"

"I had rather not, Darrell!"

"Rather not! and we engaged only this morning! Upon my honor, Kate, you re beginning to withhold your confidence rather early!"

He spoke lightly, but there was a heavy cloud on his forehead, and an ominous flash gleaming through the jet-black fires of his eye. Kate shrank a little as his iron clasp closed over her slender fingers.

"Don't look so terrible, Darrell! Are all Southerners as fiery as you?"

"Are all Northern beauties as tantalizing as Miss Kate Conway? Tell me what it was that absorbed your fancies so deeply just now?"

"Well, then, I was thinking about Frank Raymond!"

"About Frank Raymond!"

"Now, Darrell!" pleaded the half alarmed beauty; "pray don't annihilate me with those blazing eyes. Believe me, you have no occasion for jealousy. Frank Raymond left the house not half an hour ago."

"Why did he come here?"

"To ask me to become his wife."

Fontenoy laughed with recovered good humor; he was not unwilling that others should covet his newly won treasure.

"Cool, upon my word. And what did you tell him, fair Empress of Hearts?"

"That I was engaged."

"Was that all?"

"What else should I tell him? he asked no further questions."

"Then he is not aware whom his fortunate rival is?"

"He did not ask, nor did I volunteer the information."

"And how did he seem to relish the fact?"

"Oh, Darrell, don't ask me any more questions," exclaimed Kate, hiding her burning cheek against her lover's shoulder. "I have no right to lay Frank Raymond's generous heart open to your cold, critical inspection. He loved me—that is sufficient!

Darrell Fontenoy smiled.

"And it strikes me—not that I'm acquainted with the facts myself, only one can't help hearing popular rumors—it strikes me, my pretty coquette, that you've been flirting with the young man a good deal!"

"I have—I've no intention of denying it," said Kate, every defiant element in her nature roused by her lover's accent of sarcasm. "He had a right to ask me to marry him, for oh! Darrell, before I saw *you*, I did love him!"

"And how is it now?" asked Fontenoy, fixing his dark eyes like wells of flame on her face. "Am I monarch over a divided heart?"

Thre needed no other reply than the passionate, appealing glance that responded to his glance.

"My love—my peerless beauty!" he murmured, stroking the satin curls with a sort of triumphant tenderness!

The same twilight snow storm was beating against the grey stone gables of a lonely mansion, draped with green sheets of fluttering ivy, and sheltered by avenues of sombre Norway pines—an old, old house, whose wide stone hall was ruddy with the blaze of mossy beech-logs and ponderous hickory branches, and whose antiquely furnished sitting room beyond, was full of carved oaken chairs and dimly tinted pictures and inlaid sables. The fire here was in an open hearth also, the wood supported by bright brass fire dogs; and just opposite the stone mantel was a Gothic window of stained glass, uncurtained, and giving a curious air of "ancientry" to the apartment. A square of vividly colored Persian carpeting covered the center of the floor, and here, at a table covered with books, lounged a handsome, although rather dreamy-looking young man of about thirty.

As he threw aside his book with a yawn nowise complimentary to the contents thereof, a gray-headed old servant-man came in to put fresh logs, fringed with silvery moss and odorous of the woods, on the fire.

"What sort of a night is it, Peter?" he asked, sleepily.

"Very cold, sir, and snowing hard.'

"Has my brother come in yet?"

"Not yet, Mr. James."

"Now, I wonder where he can have gone!" pondered James Raymond, as the old servant closed the door into the ruddy-gleaming stone-hall. "Seven o'clock—and not a sign of his advent. Hallo! here he is now!"

For the door had opened, and a fair-haired, regular-featured man entered, his coat and hat literally covered with snow, and his cheeks flushed with riding in the wind.

"Have the kindness to shake yourself before approaching any nearer, sir," said James Raymond, calmly; "because if I want a snow-storm I can go out of doors to get it. Hallo! Frank! what's the matter?" he exclaimed, in quite another tone, as his brother, throwing off the offending outer coat, came into the circle. "Has anything happened?"

"Yes, something *has* happened," said Frank Raymond, in a low, stifled tone of voice. "I have been an absurd fool, and my folly has been punished properly—that's all."

"Frank, what on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that I have just been to Miss Conway's to ask her to marry me!"

"And she——"

"Refused me, point blank, with the coolest nonchalance in the world,"

He sat down as he spoke, shading his eyes from the lamp with a hand whose tremulous motion betrayed the passionate struggle going on in his heart.

James Raymond came to his side and placed his hand soothingly on his brother's shoulder.

"Frank, I'm sorry for this—I'm sorry for you from the very bottom of my heart, old fellow, believe me!"

"I know it, Jem; I know it," said Frank, earnestly. "I suppose I shall feel better after a while; but it's not easy to bear at first!"

"I could have told you how the matter would end," said James, "if I had only known on what errand you were going. But I never fancied you cared much for Kate Conway."

"I loved her better than my own soul!" said Frank, passionately.

"Listen to me, Frank," said his brother, pityingly. "All the time you were at C—— Kate has been receiving the visits of this young Southerner; it was notorious to the whole town. Forget her—she never was worthy of you; and if what I hear from one source and another has the shadow of truth for its foundation, this man will——"

Frank Raymond laid his hand upon his brother's lips.

"Hush, James,—I never want to hear a syllable concerning him or his from this time henceforth. Let this subject never again be mentioned between us."

So ended Frank Raymond's inauspicious wooing—so terminated the first chapter of his life.

The sun had risen, golden and glorious, across a dewy glade where the short grass was like emerald velvet, and the wild violets purpled all the slopes with a carpet of luxuriant bloom—a sylvan spot, where wood-honeysuckles freighted all the air with fragrance, and a hidden rivulet slipped with murmurous ripplings over mossy ledges of rock; it set, through heavy vapors of leaden cloud, on the same scene; but how different. The velvet grass was trodden and torn by many feet; the crushed violets were ensanguined by a darker, sadder purple, and the little stream's clear way was stained with deadly tides of crimson.

There had been a skirmish with guerrillas, and the guerrillas—contrary to the usual order of things—had had the worst of it.

Half a dozen sullen, hard-faced prisoners sat under the trees, secured hand and foot; as many more lay wounded or dead in the valley; while the victorious party were busy in binding up the hurts, indiscriminately, of their own men and the enemy.

"This chap's the one 't was leadin' 'em on, Captain Raymond!" exclaimed a tall fellow with the thews and sinews of a Samson, as he inclined his head toward a prostrate figure. "Wasn't it, you up thar under the persimmon tree? O, you won't answer, eh? Well, there aint no need—I'm pretty sartin of it without any o' your val'able testimony!"

Captain Raymond—a sun-browned, stately-looking man of perhaps forty—guided his horse to the dead man's side.

It was rather a handsome face, dark and brilliant, that was turned rigidly up to the dull sky, although it bore marks of reckless dissipation and unbridled intemperance; and Captain Raymond thought, with an involuntary pang, that this man, lying dead and stark, had perhaps a wife and little ones at home.

"Could not you have taken him alive?" he asked, turning to the Samson.

"Well, I did try," said that personage, phlegmatically; "and I throwed his pistol into the brook; but when he whipped out an ugly-lookin' specimen of a bowie-knife I made up my mind it was neck or nothin', so I just give him a touch of my revolver. It was a pity, too, for I don't like a man the less for bein' a good fighter; but, you see, there wa'nt no help for it."

There was a rustling and cracking among the branches of the shaded glen beyond at that moment, and a long, loose-jointed mortal, sitting at ease on an equally loose-jointed horse, rode slowly into the arena.

"Where have you been, Jotham!" said the Captain, half smiling at the ludicrous *tout-ensemble* of his retainer.

"Jest lookin' round a little, Cap'n," said Jotham. "There aint nothin' like change of air for a feller arter such a tussle as this, and I was always gret on findin' out latitudes and longitudes!"

"And have you made any new discoveries of importance?"

"*Well*, I have. I've found a first rater of a place for us to stop at to-night—a tumble down old place jest a piece on, where the niggers has run away, and the cattle been stole, and the F. F. V. is pretty ginerally run to emptins. And I don't know—but I was called pooty good at guessin' when I was a boy, and I kind o' guess. It belongs to a feller named Fontenoy, and I should'nt wonder if that man yonder with the black hair, who swallowed Johnny Martin's lead pill was the one. T'aint likely he'll make any objections to our stayin' to his house to-night!"

"Probably not," said Captain Raymond; "but his family may entertain widely different opinions."

"Not a bit of it," said Jotham, shaking his head knowingly; "I had a talk with the overseer's wife—the overseer's gone into the contraband nigger line, nor there aint nobody left to oversee. And she says the madam haint spoke to her husband for weeks—they quareled like cat and dog—he beat her always when he was drunk, and sometimes when he wasn't. And sence the war broke out she's been Union to the backbone, and he just t'other way. So I guess 'twon't be much loss to her."

"Still he was her husband," said Raymond, speaking more to himself than to Jotham Parkinson.

"Some husbands aint much 'count," returned the loose-jointed recruit, coolly. "Aint we goin' to move pretty soon, Cap'n? It'll be dewfall before a great while, and I've a constitutional objection to dew in these 'ere parts. Fontenoy Hall aint much of a place, but it's better than none at all."

The leaden clouds had all rolled away from the path of the southern full moon, and the winding road that led up to the ruinous porch of Fontenoy Hall was all drenched in the white beaming radiance, as Captain Raymond and his men, followed at a little distance by the unwilling prisoners, under a secure guard, rode up to the dilapidated old mansion.

"Wait here, men," he said, springing from his horse, "until I see whether it is convenient or suitable for the lady of the house to entertain so large a party of uninvited guests."

The news of the near approach of a Union officer and his escort had apparently preceded their arrival, for a light was burning in the large saloon parlor of the house as Captain Raymond was ushered in by a wan and poorly clad woman. It had once apparently been a splendid apartment; now, however, the ceiling was stained and discolored, the plastering crumbling from the walls, and the velvet paper hanging in disconsolate strips from the cornice.

"A forlorn place," thought Captain Raymond, as he glanced round; but he had no time for further remark, before the door opened, and a tall, rather stylish looking lady, wrapped in the soft, pliant folds of a China shawl, entered.

"Mrs. Fontenoy?" said Captain Raymond, bowing. "I am sorry to intrude on your sorrow under the peculiar circumstances, but——"

"My *sorrow*!" repeated the lady, haughtily. "It would be but affectation to pretend to any such emotion. The man who fell in the skirmish to-day has long since forfeited both affection and respect in my eyes. You are very welcome, sir, both for the sake of the cause you represent and for the remembrance of the past!"

"The past!" repeated Captain Raymond, mentally wondering whether the shock of her recent widowhood might not have unsettled the Southern matron's mind.

"Is it possible that you do not remember me, Frank Raymond?" said the lady, reproachfully.

He looked at her closely, as she stepped forward into the full light of the lamp. She was delicately lovely, with shining brown hair, and coral lips; but the whole expression of her face—defiant, reckless and despairing—was new to him, and it was not until she lifted her soft, appealing eyes to his that he remembered the old, old look.

"Kate Conway!" he exclaimed.

"No—Kate Fontenoy, the unloved wife—the ungrieving widow!" she sobbed, hiding her face in her hands as she leaned against the wall. "Oh, Frank, if you could but guess what I have endured from that man, you would wonder that I have not long ere this ended his life with my own hands!"

"Hush, Kate!" he said, soothingly. "It is over now; forget the trials of the past."

"You have forgiven me then?" she faltered through her tears.

"Long ago, Kate! What had I to forgive but my own folly?"

He had fancied the old love of his boyhood was dead and buried long ago—he had closed the door of his heart on all intruding phantoms of the past tenderness, but this one glance at the face of Kate Conway proved how utterly he had been mistaken. And all the glorious Southern night, with the midsummer moon filling his room with splendor, and Darrell Fontenoy's stark corpse lying below, he thought how lovely she still was and how many bright days might still be in store for her, if——

But Captain Raymond could not get any farther than the if.

Just three days afterwards the little troop, with their prisoners, were drawn up in front of the jessamine shadowed porch in marching line, and Captain Frank Raymond was bidding Mrs. Fontenoy good-bye in the ruinous saloon parlor within.

"Then I shall come back in a month to claim you, Kate!" he was whispering. "Perhaps under some circumstances this haste would be unseemly, but I cannot leave you alone and unprotected, my poor little love. One more kiss, darling—and now good-bye!"

And when the mist had cleared from Kate's eyes, they had vanished round the turning of the road.

Captain Raymond fancied his arrangements had been very quiet and secret—could he but have known the thoughts that were stirring in Jotham Parkinson's head as he rode respectfully in the rear.

"Wal," thought Jotham, "it's mighty nice for Johnny Martin to put that ar' F. F. V. out of the way, and the Cap'n to step in and get his old sweetheart! Things is queer, anyhow—I wonder when there'll be a chance for *me!* Guess I'll look round a little when the Cap'n comes back arter the F. F. V.'s widow!"

But Jotham never came across the right *chance*, and he is looking for it yet, although his more fortunate officer is married long ago.

LOVE'S DEVOTION.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Since last I gazed upon thy face,
So beautiful and fair,
Some dream of grief has o'er thee stole,
And stamp'd thy brow with care;
And Sorrow's sombre shadows have
Swept o'er thy gentle breast,
And dimm'd thine eyes, within whose depths
The sunshine lov'd to rest.
But still my love remains the same
As in the days of yore;
'Twould be my death to love thee less,
'Twould kill to love thee more.

I know that since we said farewell
That thou hast loved in vain,
Thy idol has been shattered, and
But ruins now remain;
Well, be it so—let not the past
Remembered be by thee,
But bury all its memories
In dark Oblivion's sea;
And from the wreck of blasted hopes
Let happiness arise,
And the bright stars again shall shine
Within Faith's golden skies.

The love that once I offer'd thee
Seemed worthless in thine eyes,
But now that Time has proved its truth,
Wilt thou that love despise?
Oh, do not weep, and say that thou
Unworthy art of me,
The past is all forgot, and I
Am happy, love, in thee;
Come to my arms—thy lips I press,
At last thou art mine own;
And thy fond love in days to come,
Shall for the past atone.

"FOR FATHER'S HONOR."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"So much gone! I might have known how it would be!" said Mr. Sterling, looking up from the morning paper, with a most unpleasant expression on his face.

"What is gone?" asked his wife.

"My money is gone," answered Mr. Sterling, fretfully.

"What money?"

"The money I was foolish enough to lend Mr. Granger."

"Why do you say that?"

"He's dead," replied Mr. Sterling, coldly.

"Dead!" The wife's voice was full of surprise and pain. Sorrow overshadowed her face.

"Yes, gone, and my money with him. Here's a notice of his death. I was sure when I saw him go away that he'd never come back, except in his coffin. Why will doctors send their patients from home to die?"

"Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!" sighed Mrs. Sterling. "What will they do?"

"As well without him as with him," was the unfeeling answer of her husband, who was only thinking of the three hundred dollars he had been over-persuaded to loan the sick clergyman, in order that he might go South during the winter. "He's been more of a burden than a support to them these two years."

"Oh, Harvey! How can you speak so?" remonstrated Mrs. Sterling. "A kinder man in his family was never seen. Poor Mrs. Granger! She will be heart-broken."

"Kindness is cheap and easily dispensed," coldly replied Mr. Sterling. "He would have been of more use to his family if he had fed and clothed them better. I reckon they can do without him. If I had my three hundred dollars, I wouldn't——"

But he checked for shame—not from any better feeling—the almost brutal words his heart sent up to his tongue.

Not many hundred yards away from Mr. Sterling's handsome residence stood a small, plain cottage, with a garden in front neatly laid out in box-bordered walks, and filled with shrubbery. A honeysuckle, twined with a running rose-bush, covered the latticed portico, and looked in at the chamber windows, giving beauty and sweetness. The hand of taste was seen everywhere—not lavish, but discriminating taste. Two years before there was not a happier home than this in all the pleasant town of C———. Now the shadow of death was upon it.

"Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!" Well might Mrs. Sterling pity them. While her mercenary husband was sighing over the loss of three hundred dollars, the young widow lay senseless with her two little ones weeping over her in childish terror. The news of death found her unprepared. Only a week before she had received a letter from Mr. Granger, in which he talked hopefully of his recovery. "I am stronger," he said. "My appetite is better; I have gained five pounds in flesh since I left home." Three days after writing this letter there came a sudden change of temperature; he took cold, which was followed by congestion of the lungs; and no medical skill was sufficient for the case. The body was not sent home for interment. When the husband and father went away, two or three months before, his loved ones looked upon his face for the last time in this world.

Love and honor make the heart strong. Mrs. Granger was a gentle, retiring woman. She had leaned upon her husband very heavily; she had clung to him as a vine. Those who knew her best, felt most anxious about her. "She has no mental stamina," they said. "She cannot stand alone."

But they were mistaken. As we have just said, love and honor make the heart strong. Only a week after Mr. Sterling read the news of the young minister's death he received a note from the widow.

"My husband," she said, "was able to go South in the hope of regaining his health through your kindness. If he had lived, the money you loaned him would have been faithfully returned, for he was a man of honor. Dying, he left that honor in my keeping, and I will see that the debt is paid. But you will have to be a little patient with me."

"All very fine," muttered Mr. Sterling, with a slightly curling lip. "I've heard of such things before. They sound well. People will say of Mrs. Granger, 'What a noble woman! What a fine sense of honor she has!' But I shall never see the three hundred dollars I was foolish enough to lend her husband."

Very much to Mr. Sterling's surprise, and not a little to his pleasure, he discovered, about three months afterwards, that he was mistaken in his estimate of Mrs. Granger. The pale, sad, fragile little woman brought him the sum of twenty-five dollars. He did not see the tears in her eyes as he displayed her husband's note, with its dear familiar writing, and made thereon, with considerable formality, an endorsement of the sum paid. She would have given many drops of her heart's blood to have been able to clutch that document from Mr. Sterling's hands. His possession of it seemed like a blot on the dear lost one's memory.

"Katie Granger is the querest little girl I ever knew," said Flora Sterling to her mother, on the evening of the very day on which this first payment was made. Mr. Sterling heard the remark, and letting his eyes drop from the newspaper he was reading, turned his ears to listen.

"I think her a very nice little girl," replied the mother.

"So she is nice," returned the child; "but then she is so queer."

"What do you mean by queer?"

"Oh, she isn't like the rest of us girls. She said the oddest thing to-day. I almost laughed out; but I'm glad I didn't. Three of us, Katie, Lillie Bonfield, and I, were walking round the square at recess time, when Uncle Hiram came along, and taking out three bright ten-cent pieces, he said—'Here's a dime for each of you, girls, to buy sugar-plums.' Lillie and I screamed out, and were starting away for the candy-shop in an instant; but Katie stood still, with her share of the money in her hand. 'Come along!' I cried. She didn't move, but looked strange and serious. 'Arn't you going to buy candy with it?' I asked. Then she shook her head gravely and put the dime in her pocket, saying (I don't think she meant me to hear the words)—'It's for father's honor;' and leaving us, went back to the school-room. What did she mean by that, mother? Oh, she is so strange!"

"Her mother is very poor, you know," replied Mrs. Sterling, laying up Katie's singular remark to be pondered over.

"She must be," said Flora, "for Katie's worn the same frock to school every day for 'most three months."

Mr. Sterling, who did not let a single word of this conversation escape him, was far from feeling as comfortable under the prospect of getting back the money he had loaned to Mr. Granger, as he had felt an hour before. *He* understood the meaning of Katie's remark—"It's for father's honor;" the truth flashing at once through his mind.

There was another period of three months, and then Mrs. Granger called again upon Mr. Sterling, and gave him twenty-five dollars more. The pale, thin face made a stronger impression on him. It troubled him to lift the money her small fingers, in which the blue veins shone through the transparent skin, had counted out. He wished that she had sent the money instead of calling. It was on his lips to remark, "Don't trouble or pinch yourself to pay faster than is convenient, Mrs. Granger," but cupidity whispered that she might take too large an advantage of his considerate kindness, and so he kept silent.

"No, dear, it's for father's honor; I can't spend it."

Mr. Sterling was passing a print shop, where two children were looking in at the window, when this sentence struck upon his ears.

"An apple won't cost but a penny, Katie; and I want one so badly," answered the younger of the two children, a little girl not five years of age.

"Come away, Maggie," said the other, drawing her sister back from the window. "Don't look at them any more—don't think about them."

"But I can't help thinking about them, sister Katie," plead the child.

It was more than Mr. Sterling could stand. Every want of his own children was supplied. He bought fruit by the barrel. And here was a little child pleading for an apple, which cost only a penny! but the apple was denied, because the penny must be saved to make good the dead father's honor. Who held that honor in pledge? Who took the sum total of these pennies, saved in the self-denial of little children, and added them to his already brimming coffers? A feeling of shame burned the cheeks of Mr. Sterling.

"Here, little ones!" he called, as the two children went slowly away from the fruit shop window. He was touched with the sober look on their sweet young faces as they turned at his invitation.

"Come in, and I'll get you some apples," he said.

Katie held back, but Maggie drew on her hand, eager to accept the offer, for she was longing for the fruit.

"Come!" repeated Mr. Sterling, speaking very kindly.

The children then followed him into the shop, and he filled their aprons with apples and oranges. Their thankful eyes and happy faces were in his memory all day. This was his reward, and it was sweet.

Three months more, and again Mr. Sterling had a visit from the pale young widow. This time she had only twenty dollars. It was all she had been able to save, she said; but she made no excuse, and uttered no complaint. Mr. Sterling took the money and counted it over in a hesitating way. The touch thereof was pleasant to his fingers, for he loved money. But the vision of sober child faces was before his eyes, and the sound of pleading child voices in his ears. Through over-taxing toil, and the denial of herself and little ones, the poor widow had gathered this small sum, and was now paying it into his hands—to make good the honorable contract of her dead husband. He hesitated, ruffling in a half absent way the edges of the little pile of bills that lay under his fingers. One thing was clear to him: he would never take anything more from the widow. The balance of the debt must be forgiven. People would get to understand the widow's case; they would hear of her self-denial and that of her children in order to pay the husband's and father's debt—in order to keep pure his honor; and they would ask, naturally, who was the exacting creditor? This thought affected him unpleasantly.

Slowly, as one in whose mind debate still went on, Mr. Sterling took from his desk a large pocket-book, and selected from one of the compartments the note on which Mrs. Granger had now made three payments. For some moments he held it in his hands, looking at the face thereof. He saw written down in clear figures, the sum, $300. Seventy of this had been paid. If he gave up, or destroyed the slip of paper, he would lose two hundred and thirty dollars. It was something of a trial for one who loved money so well, to come up squarely to this issue. Something fell in between his eyes and the note of hand. He did not see the writing and figures of the obligation, but a sad, pleading little face, and with the vision of this face came to his ears the sentence: "No, dear; it's for father's honor."

The debate in Mr. Sterling's mind was over. Taking up a pen he wrote across the face of Mr. Granger's note the word "Cancelled," and then handed it to the widow.

"What does this mean?" she asked, looking bewildered.

"It means," said Mr. Sterling, "that I hold no obligations against your husband."

Some moments went by ere Mrs. Granger's thoughts became clear enough to comprehend it all. Then she replied, as she reached back the note:

"I thank you for your generous kindness, but he left his honor in my keeping, and I must maintain it spotless."

"That you have already done," answered Mr. Sterling, speaking through emotions that were new to him. "It is white as snow!"

Then he thrust back upon her the twenty dollars she had just paid him.

"No, Mr. Sterling," the widow said.

"It shall be as I will!" was the response. "I would rather touch fire than your money. Every dollar would burn upon my conscience like living coals."

"But keep this last payment," urged the widow. "I shall feel better."

"No, madam! Would you throw fire upon my conscience? Your husband's honor never had a stain. All men knew him to be pure and upright. When God took him, He assumed his earthly debts, and did not leave upon you the heavy burden of their payment. But He left with you another and most sacred obligation, which you have overlooked in part."

"What?" asked the widow, in an almost startled voice.

"To minister to the wants of your children; whom you have pinched and denied in their tender years—giving of their meat to cancel an obligation which death had paid. And you have made me a party in the wrong to them. Ah, madam!"—Mr. Sterling's voice softened very much—"If we could all see right at the right time, and do right at the right time, how much of wrong and suffering might be saved! I honor your true-hearted self-devotion; but I shall be no party to its continuance. As it is, I am your debtor in the sum of fifty dollars, and will repay it in my own way and time."

Mr. Sterling made good his word. Under Providence, this circumstance was the means of breaking through the hard crust of selfishness and cupidity which had formed around his heart. He was not only generous to the widow in after years, but a doer of many deeds of kindness and humanity to which he had been in other times a stranger.

JUDGE HARDING'S BIRTHDAY-GIFT.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

Slowly and wearily Judge Harding ascended the steps of his stately but gloomy mansion. Not one of its many rooms was lighted, with the exception of the library and that used in common by the two domestics. Yet there *had* been a time when those darkened and deserted parlors had been one blaze of light, and its walls had echoed to the sound of merry laughter and gay young voices.

Judge Harding entered the library, and closing the door, looked drearily around. Yet it was filled with all the appliances of wealth and luxury; the carpet was like velvet to the foot, the lofty walls were decked with pictures and the wide, deep windows hung with wine-colored drapery of the richest silk.

A large, easy chair was wheeled in front of the fire, which gave forth a ruddy glow; across it lay a dressing-gown, while on the rug were slippers, all ready for his feet. But Judge Harding knew that this was the work of old Margery, his housekeeper, who, though she had been in his service nearly two score years, feared more than she loved him. There was no eye to brighten at his approach, no voice to welcome him!

This thought was uppermost in the old man's mind, as leaning back in his chair, he gazed abstractedly into the fire. Some years before, God had called to himself the wife of his youth; taken her mercifully from the evil to come. One of the sons she had borne him filled a drunkard's grave, the other had been mortally wounded in some disgraceful quarrel. But Estelle, his little Estelle, the ewe lamb of his flock, loved beyond all the others, and yet who had wounded his heart so sorely, where was *she?*

Ah, well he knew that the December snow was falling fast upon her grave; that she died unsoothed by the knowledge of his forgiveness.

The iron-grey locks that shaded his temples accorded well with the general expression of the strongly marked features, and which were characterized by a hardness and coldness almost repelling, yet through it all could be seen traces of a depth of mental anguish of which weaker natures are incapable.

He was aroused from the gloomy reverie into which he had fallen by old Margery, who, opening the door, said:

"There is a woman with a little girl in the hall, who insists on seeing you."

"Did she give her name?"

"She said that her name was Dugald," returned Margery, speaking with evident hesitation.

But contrary to her expectations, this mention of a name hated above all others produced no visible effect upon her master.

"Show her in," he said, after a moment's reflection.

It was difficult to determine the age of the woman who entered. Her hair was nearly white, but her eye bright and piercing, and her tall, strongly-built form as erect as in early life. Though evidently a person of little education, her countenance and bearing indicated an unusual amount of will and energy, combined with no little shrewdness and effrontery.

Judge Harding evidently saw all this in the steady look with which he regarded her.

"You are the mother of the late Richard Dugald?"

"I am the mother of your late daughter's husband, Judge Harding!"

The proud old man winced visibly at this thrust, but did not lose his self-possession.

"And this is the child of your son?" he inquired, pointing to a lovely little girl of six, clad in deep mourning, who was standing by her side.

"This is the daughter of Richard and Estelle Dugald; *your* grandchild and *mine*, Judge Harding!" returned the woman, in the same sharp, defiant tone.

Judge Harding could not controvert this statement, humbling as it was, but his voice took a harsher tone as he said:

"Why have you brought her to *me?*"

"Because I have not the means of supporting her, and *you* have."

"Did your late son have no property?"

For a moment the woman's eyes wavered beneath his penetrating look, then she said boldly:

"Nothing but a mere pittance, which was more than swallowed up by the expenses of your daughter's last sickness."

Judge Harding's eyes blazed with a sudden scorn that was almost startling.

"Do not hope to delude me so easily!" he cried. "There is not one act of yours that has escaped my notice. I know that your son left property that should have descended to his wife and child, but of which *you* took possession! I know, also, the grudging care you bestowed on the deluded girl that your son lured from her friends and home! But let them both pass. I will take the child, and amply indemnify you for every possible expense, but only on condition that you sign this paper, by which you pledge yourself to abstain from all future intercourse with your grandchild."

The woman's eyes sparkled, as she caught a glimpse of the roll of bills in Judge Harding's hand, but she still hesitated.

The sharp-sighted old man saw quickly the cause of this hesitation.

"I wish you distinctly to understand," he said, "that though I will provide for the child, it is not my intention to make her my heir; I shall leave her only sufficient to place her above actual want; the bulk of my property will go to some charitable institution."

As Mrs. Dugald looked upon that resolute countenance she felt that he was in earnest, and without another word she signed the paper, and then taking the money that the Judge placed in her hand, departed.

As soon as the door closed after her, Judge Harding turned to the little girl, who stood regarding him with a timid, wistful look.

"What is your name, child?" he said, abruptly.

"Estelle Harding Dugald," she replied, in a sweet, clear voice, that had a pretty lisp to it.

"Do you know who I am?"

"You are my grandpapa Harding."

Ah, how many pleading voices arose in his heart at these words! but he crushed them down with a stern hand.

"I am *not* your grandpapa," he said, harshly; "you must never call me by that name!"

The small red lips quivered and the soft brown eyes filled with tears; but without appearing to notice them, Judge Harding gave the bell a hasty pull.

"Margery," he said, as that individual entered, "this little girl is the child of Richard Dugald. I place her, for the present, under your care. See that she has everything that she needs, but do not let her come within my sight or hearing."

Margery cast a look full of pity and tenderness upon the child, who, attracted by her kind, motherly face, sprang eagerly to the hand she held out to her, and then, with a respectful courtesy to the Judge, led her from the room.

Weeks came and went. Little Estelle grew dearer every day to the faithful old nurse, who had tended her mother in her helpless infancy. She obeyed strictly her master's injunctions; though many were her inward murmurs at what she termed his unnatural treatment of the child of his only daughter. This was not difficult, for the house was large, and there were some portions of it that the Judge never entered. Sometimes, indeed, he heard the patter of little feet along the corridor that led to some remote apartment, or a sweet, bird-like voice, which fell upon his heart like a strain of half-forgotten music, but that was all.

Perhaps Judge Harding's heart might have softened toward his grandchild had she come to him in any other way; if the daughter he had once idolized had expressed any wish that he should take charge of her. But to have her thrust upon him by the woman whose artful manœuvres had made his home so desolate, steeled his heart against her.

She was a pretty, sweet-tempered child, with grave, quiet ways, and intelligent beyond her years.

"When is grandpapa's birthday, nurse?" she suddenly inquired one day, nearly two months after her arrival.

"Let me see," replied Margery, her countenance assuming a contemplative expression: "It is the seventh of this month—and, I declare, if that isn't to-day! I remember it well, for it was also the birthday of my poor young mistress, your dear mamma. She would have been twenty-four years old to-day had she lived. Alack! alack! it seems only yesterday that I held her in my arms."

Here the faithful creature wiped away a tear.

"Well, if it *is* his birthday, I must go and give him this," resumed Estelle, taking a small package from the pocket of her dress. "Where is he? in the library?"

"Yes. But what are you thinking of, child?" ejaculated Margery, regarding her young charge with a look of amazement. "You must not go in there; Judge Harding will be very angry!"

"I shall be sorry to make him angry, nurse," returned Estelle, with a childish dignity quite in keeping with the little serious face; "but I promised my dear, dead mamma that I would, and I must do it."

Old Margery looked after her with an expression of astonishment, not unmingled with admiration, as she left the room.

"She's a Harding—one can see that plainly," she muttered, as she resumed her knitting. "The old Judge may shut her out from his heart, but he can't deny but what she's his own flesh and blood."

Estelle paused a moment at the door which she had never before dared to approach, and then, as if summoning all her resolution, softly turned the burnished knob and glided in.

Judge Harding sat in his easy chair, the very picture of dignified ease. Looking only upon his surroundings, one would have called him a happy and fortunate man; yet many a wayfarer, breasting the fury of the rude March wind, his heart warm with thoughts of the dear ones awaiting his return, was far happier than that lonely and childless old man.

His face was partially turned from the door, and so softly did those little feet fall upon the carpet, that she had nearly reached his knee before he observed her. In spite of his self-command, he started as his eyes fell upon that sweet face.

As for Estelle, her courage failed her as she met that stern, inquiring look.

"I—I beg your pardon," she faltered. "I only came in to give you this. Mamma bade me give it to you on your birthday, and I could not disobey her."

Judge Harding mechanically took the package from her hand, and with an evident sigh of relief she turned to leave the room.

"Stay, child," interposed the Judge; "there is no hurry. Sit down."

Estelle quietly seated herself on the low, velvet-covered ottoman to which he pointed, and Judge Harding proceeded to open the package.

It contained nothing but a gold locket, which he well remembered placing around his daughter's neck on a happy birthday long ago; his birthday and hers, whom he had once fondly termed his "birthday gift." He touched the spring, and it flew open. It was his own likeness, taken in a sitting position. Beside his chair stood a little girl about six. One small hand was laid trustfully in his, the other rested upon his shoulder, while the softly smiling eyes were lifted to his face with a look of childlike confidence and love.

The warm tide of awakened tenderness that swept over him melted every vestige of the ice that had gathered around his heart. Conscience began to make itself heard. In regard to their unhappy estrangement, had not *he* been most to blame? Did he not indulge her in every idle whim, until her will grew strong and imperious, and then curb her suddenly and harshly? Had he dealt more gently with her, would she have taken a step that had wrought them both such bitter woe?

As he raised his eyes they fell upon the little form that was sitting where *she* used to sit so many years ago. What a marvelous resemblance! It almost seemed to him that it must be her very self!

Ah, well did that dying mother know that nothing she could write would soften that stern heart like this mute remembrance of all she once was to him, or could plead so eloquently for her orphan child! Tears gushed from the old man's eyes, and rising from his seat, he took the child in his arms.

"My dear little Estelle!" he murmured—"my precious birthday gift! come back, after so long a time, to cheer my desolate home! naught but death shall part thee and me!"

That night, when Margery carried in the tea things, she saw a spectacle that made her kind old heart rejoice: the child of her dear young mistress was sweetly sleeping in her grandfather's arms, whose eyes were fixed upon her with a look of pride and tenderness.

And giving her a wiser love, a more faithful guardianship, she crowned his old age with peace and joy, whom he took from henceforth to his heart as well as home—his "birthday gift."

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER.
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Men, in respect to ceremonies, modes, and laws, like a flock of sheep, will, in a body, if the bell-wether can only be got to leap over a pole, continue to leap carefully over the same place when the pole has been taken away.

In some men word and deed are like theatrical thunder and lightning, breaking forth out of separate corners and through the agency of different operators.

The mass of people consider uncommon spirits as being, for that very reason, bad—just as they take all strange petrifactions to be devil's bones.

If our characters are too firm to be shaken by calumny, then envy often extols us beyond reason, blowing us up because it cannot throw us down.

There are men and times at which and with whom nothing could be more refreshing to an honest man than—to give them a sound drubbing.

Shameless persons seldom or never blush. Their faces seem, like cotton-wool, to take all colors more easily than red.

Some people are always complaining and grumbling. Go where they will, they take with them a travelling-case of wrongs and injuries.

Shame is the cold Orcus of the inner man; a spiritual hell, without redemption, wherein the damned can become nothing else but at most one devil more.

An unstained Aphrodite may be born out of the Dead Sea of dissolute society, as pure dew and rain arise out of the briny waters of the ocean.

At a genial dinner-party the faculties are off duty and fall into their natural attitudes; you see wisdom in slippers, and science in a short jacket.

Ferocity and gentleness are sometimes nearly allied. The moaning notes of the turtle-dove are but the softened tones of the owl.

Many regard themselves as moral, disinterested, truthful, and gentle, merely because they inexorably insist that others shall be so.

It is generally true that we judge too bitterly and harshly the faults of every office which we do not ourselves hold.

If a carpenter loses his rule and level, he may not be able to find his rule, but he can always find his level.

To know some women you must first love them. Generally, to know them, you must *not* love them.

It is ungracious to charge that a man does good deeds merely for effect if he does them *with* effect.

Many persons of very considerable importance don't seem to understand that it is all self-importance.

Wisdom is the abstract of the past, while beauty is the promise of the future.

It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped.

Most of the clergy seldom hear any sermons except those which they preach themselves.

A good many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made.

Most of the abundant gammon in the world would be a very poor substitute for bacon.

There is often quite as much to be educated out of young men as into them.

A man in power is apt to hear from those around him a great many echoes and few answers.

It isn't desirable that time should mellow people who are too soft already.

Very often men cut their love-teeth, as they do their wisdom-teeth, very late in life.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.

They say that the ground is the only reliable bank, but it is broken every day.

There are generally a good many more steps *to* love than *in* it.

Some of our tongue-valiant men never draw a bead, but imbibe a great many.

It is a great thing in this rainy world to behold a day that doesn't look like a night.

Vanity is a greater slanderer than malice.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A couple of young rogues effected an entrance in the front basement of a dwelling-house in Eighth street, one afternoon lately, and from thence made their way into the back parlor above stairs, where they were discovered taking a survey of the premises. On seeing that they were objects of amazed observation, they rushed down stairs and out at the front basement door, and made their escape. It being supposed that they meant robbery on some future occasion, preparations were made to give them a warm reception on their return.

A party of young men, who had been drinking freely, tried their lungs and skill at imitating an Indian warwhoop, on the corner of Fourth street and Broadway, about 3 o'clock in the morning. They succeeded in making a horrible pow-wow, and also in attracting the attention of several officers, who hurried to the spot to see what was the matter, and who arrested the whole party and marched them off to a station-house, where they were kept till the business of the day was opened, when they were allowed to go their several ways.

A crossing-sweeper (a little girl about six or seven years old) in Chatham street was run over one morning lately by a milk wagon, which came suddenly upon her around the corner of Chambers street. The driver of the wagon, on seeing what had happened, stopped, got down from his seat, inquired out the residence of the child, took her home, and had her examined to see if she had received any serious injury. Fortunately the child, though bruised, had no bones broken, nor any serious hurts, as it was found to the great joy of the driver.

Several boys were throwing stones at one another, in sport, one day recently, on Fort Green, Brooklyn, and one of the stones rebounding from the ground, struck a boy about seven years of age on the temple, and knocked him senseless. His playmates screamed for help, and a couple of men came and carried the boy home, in an insensible condition. He was restored to consciousness after a time, but it was feared that the injury would prove a very serious one.

A widow lady living in Williamsburg went out shopping one afternoon lately, and on returning discovered that in her absence her house had been entered by "sneak thieves" and robbed of silver ware, jewelry and wearing apparel, to the value of one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Although her servant-girl and three children were in the house all the time, they did not hear or see any sign of the operations of the thieves.

A city railroad car, while running at an unusually swift rate, came in contact with a grocer's waggon, about the middle of Fourteenth street, and crushed the hind part of the vehicle as though it were made of pasteboard, scattering the groceries far and wide, and frightening the grocer's boy, the passengers in the car, and the passers by, who all seemed to imagine for a short time that the crash must have resulted in the death of somebody.

An active young man was detected the other evening, by an officer, running from store to store, purchasing a few dimes' worth of articles and offering spurious bills on the Egg Harbor Bank, N. J., in payment, and receiving good money in change. The officer kept on his track until he had passed four of the bills, when he arrested him, and found many more of the same sort on his person. He was locked up.

Several arrests were lately made of parties who were playing billiards on the Sabbath day. The offenders were locked up till Monday morning, when they were reprimanded, fined from one to five dollars each, and allowed to go about their business.

A pickpocket was lately detected in the act of robbing a young lady of her pocket-book in a Brooklyn church during service. The pocket-book contained twenty-eight dollars in cash. The rascal was arrested and marched off to prison.

As a lady was alighting from a car, in Sixth avenue, her hoop skirt caught in some way, and the car starting, she was pulled down, dragged several feet, and badly hurt, before the car could be stopped.

A man was pushed off the rear platform of a city car, a few evenings since, by the crowd of outsiders, and slipping on the pavement, fell and broke his right arm above the elbow.

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THE GOTHIC KINGDOM OF SPAIN.

[NUMBER FIVE.]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

It was near the close of the fifth century, when the renowned Roman Emperor Theodoric, having brought all Italy to his feet, sent his Ostrogoth legions for the subjugation of Spain. The exhausted province was speedily conquered, and one of the generals of the conquering army was entrusted by Theodoric with the government of the realm. This general, Theudis by name, was nominally a Christian, a man of enlightened views who allowed freedom of conscience in religious worship. His administration was eminently upright and sagacious. Laws were ordained, churches constructed, public improvements encouraged and councils convened to settle important and disputed doctrines of the Christian faith.

Theodoric was the first of the Roman emperors who introduced the custom of temporal sovereigns appointing to offices in the church of Christ. His favorite courtiers and chieftains he placed in episcopal chairs, thus secularizing [illegible] and honor by the side of those of the army and navy. *Just before his death Theodoric surrendered* the dominion of Spain, with the southern part of Gaul, to his grandson, Amalaric, and thus Spain became again an independent kingdom. Seville was then chosen as the metropolis of this realm, which, at that time, embraced the Pyrenees and extended, for many leagues, along their northern slopes. But Amalaric soon fell in a battle while engaged in a war with the Franks. The routed army was driven across the Pyrenees into Spain. The triumphant foe even pursued the fugitives many leagues toward the centre of the peninsula and mercilessly ravaged its provinces. Theudis, who had succeeded Amalaric, after a brief, stormy and disastrous reign, fell beneath the dagger of an assassin.

Theudisel now ascended the throne. He was a monster of wickedness, indulging in brutal passions without restraint and trampling with grossest violence upon all the most sacred relations of domestic life. A Gothic king, in that day, was elevated but a little above his warrior nobles and a dagger was the ever ready instrument with which to remove an obnoxious incumbent from the throne. One evening Theudisel was supping, with his court, in his palace at Seville, in commemoration of a recent victory, when, at a given signal, the lamps were extinguished and a dozen swords, wielded by the nervous hands of outraged husbands and fathers, pierced his body.

Agilan succeeded him. His short reign was an incessant tempest. Many parts of Spain refused to acquiesce in his election. Civil war raged cruelly. The king was driven from his capital and forced to take refuge in Merida. Surrounded by defeat, and with insurrection triumphant all over the land, he was slain by his own soldiers.

Athanagild, a Gothic noble, who was the leading spirit in this triumphant revolt, obtained aid in his rebellion from the Emperor Justinian. The death of Alagan did, however, by no means end the strife. On the contrary, it was but the signal for a still more deadly conflict among the combattants for the booty. The troops of Justinian were fighting for their emperor and not for Athanagild, and they remained for some time in Spain struggling for the possession of its provinces. But in the protracted strife they were finally overcome, and the victor, with his sword ever unsheathed, maintained his throne.

In this day, when the Church had come to be regarded as one of the most potent institutions of the state, religious disputes necessarily became the dividing line between political parties. The great conflict between the Arians and the Trinitarians agitated all Christendom. The rancor of feeling was as severe and the persecution as bitter as has ever existed between Catholic and Protestant, or Aristocrat and Democrat. It was political rather than religious zeal which envenomed the dispute. It would be tedious to follow the details of the strifes and the sanguinary battles to which this division led. There was a succession of sovereigns whose reigns were agitated by this *politico-religious* contest. One of these sovereigns, Leovigild, in his exasperation, caused the head of his own son to be cleft from crown to chin with a hatchet, because he refused to abjure the Trinitarian faith and adopt that of Arius. There was equal fanaticism and fury on the other side.

Leovigild persecuted the Trinitarians or Catholics, as they were then called, fiercely. He plundered their churches and monasteries, and extorted vast sums from the rich as the penalty of their faith, while others were sent into exile, or to the dungeon and to the scaffold. With the money thus acquired he surrounded his court with unwonted splendor. He was publicly and with very imposing ceremonials, crowned with a diadem, a pageant in which no other Gothic King had indulged, for the king had heretofore been considered but very slightly elevated above the chieftains who elected him. He reared a magnificent throne in his palace, and studiously surrounded himself with all the pomp and pageantry of royalty. Under his reign, for the first time, the effigy of the king was stamped upon the coin, with a diadem upon his brow.

Upon the death of Leovigild in the year 589, his son Recared I. was unanimously chosen as his successor. Apparently from sincere conviction, he gradually abandoned the tenets of Arius and espoused the Catholic cause. With singular sagacity he adopted measures to bring the whole Arian portion of the Spanish church back to the ancient Trinitarian faith. The treasure which had been wrested from the Catholic church was restored. Public discussions were encouraged, at which the king presided, exerting a gentle influence in behalf of the cause he had secretly espoused. By a merciful yet firm government, and by great kindness to the poor, he won general popularity. Having thus prepared the way for his attempt to establish unity of religious faith throughout his realms, he assembled a general council of his clergy and nobles at Toledo on the 8th of May, 589. After the council had devoted three days to fasting and prayer, the king, in a carefully prepared speech, opened the subject for which he had convened them. His speech was as follows:

> "Religion is a subject more important than all others to man, since it involves not only his prosperity in this life, but also his eternal welfare in the life to come. Unhappily antagonistic schemes of religion divide the church in Spain. The most careful consideration has convinced me that the ancient Catholic system is the religion of the Bible, and I wish now publicly to make a profession of my Christian faith in connection with that church. Though my conscience impels me to this step, still I have no wish to constrain the conscience of any other man. But if unity of religious faith can, by any possibility, be restored to Spain, it will prove the greatest blessing which can be conferred upon the realm, introducing peace to the distracted kingdom, and promoting national prosperity and individual happiness. I do therefore now publicly abjure the errors of Arianism, and declare my belief in the equality of the three persons of the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and I submit myself to the authority of the Catholic and Apostolic Church. It is my earnest desire that all who are present should follow my example."

The king was beloved. Love is far more potent in promoting conversion than argument. Denominational differences are ordinarily social in their origin, the result of congenial sympathies and of elective affinities rather than of conviction. Religious doctrines and political platforms were at this time so blended that partizanship rather than enlightened conscientiousness controlled in the church as well as in the state. The speech of the popular king was received with a general burst of applause. Nearly all the prelates and nobles who were present with enthusiasm followed the king. Their assent was given with such singular unanimity, that immediately it was decreed that the Trinitarian or Catholic religion should henceforth be the religion of the state, and that no person should be admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper who would not first give his assent to the orthodox creed sanctioned by the council of Constantinople. Some of the more rigorous or conscientious of the Arian prelates denounced this apostacy, as they regarded it, in unmeasured terms. Their indignation led them so far as even to incite them to conspire against the life of the king. The Gothic kingdom of Spain, at this time, extended across the Pyrenees into Gaul. Though *the Franks sent a force of 60,000 men to recover southern Gaul from Recared, they were utterly routed, leaving nine thousand of their* number dead upon the field. The reign of Recared was singularly prosperous and happy. He seems to have devoted all his energies, with great sagacity, to the promotion of the happiness of his subjects. He died in the year of our Lord 601.

◆

COLORS IN DRESS.—INTERESTING TO LADIES.

M. Chevreul, a French writer, published some years since a work on the principles of the harmony and contrast of colors, and their application to the arts. The art of pleasing in a lady's dress, being the most useful in every day matters, a few hints on the subject, grounded on the general principles elaborated by the French savan, may not be thrown away.

It is not generally known, that one color placed beside another, receives a modification from it. The two material substances that present the colors do not act on each other, either physically or chemically; yet a modification does take place when we perceive the simultaneous impression of these two colors.

To illustrate this, any retail merchant may have noticed, that if a purchaser had looked long and steadily at a yellow fabric, and is then shown orange or scarlet stuffs, he is apt to take them for amaranth, red or crimson; for there is a tendency in the retina excited by yellow, to acquire an aptitude to see violet; whence the yellow of the scarlet or orange stuff disappears, and the eye sees red, or a red tinged with violet. If a purchaser has shown to him, one after another, a dozen or more pieces of red stuff, he will be apt to consider the last five or six less beautiful than those first seen, though the pieces be exactly the same. The cause of this is, that the eyes, having seen so many pieces in succession, are in the same condition as if they had regarded fixedly a single piece of red; they have a tendency to see the complementary color of red—that is, green. This tendency enfeebles the brilliancy of the red of the pieces seen later. Some Parisian merchants, after having shown several pieces of red, would present to the eyes of the customer some pieces of green stuff, to restore the eyes to their normal state. If the sight of the green be sufficiently prolonged to fatigue the eyes beyond the normal state, they will acquire a tendency to see red; then the last red pieces will appear more beautiful than the others.

In 1754, a work published by Scherffer, gave great precision to the phenomena relating to successive contrast, in demonstrating that a given color produces an accidental color—the same which is called its *complementary*. Œpinus, Darwin, Count Rumford, and other scientific men have handled this subject. By way of explaining our intended application, we give a list of colors and their complementaries:

Blue	is the	complementary	of	*Orange.*
Orange	"	"	"	*Blue.*
Red	"	"	"	*Green.*
Green	"	"	"	*Red.*
Violet	"	"	"	*Greenish-Yellow.*
Greenish-Yellow	"	"	"	*Violet.*
Indigo	"	"	"	*Orange-Yellow.*
Orange-Yellow	"	"	"	*Indigo.*

The same principle prevails in the diversified shades and combinations of these colors.

A green, therefore, tends to color the space near it red; an orange, blue; a violet, greenish yellow; an indigo, orange yellow; and vice versa, &c.

Now for our application to the dress of ladies. The color of light hair being essentially the result of a mixture of red, yellow and brown, it may be considered a very pale orange brown; the color of a blonde complexion, though of a lower tone, is analogous to it, except in the red parts. A pale orange being then the basis of the tint of the hair and complexion of a very fair woman, the color nearest its complementary is sky blue. That is known to be a color becoming to blondes. On the other hand, yellow and red, more or less orange, are known to accord favorably with brunettes and black hair, in which type of female beauty the harmonies of contrast predominate over the harmonies of analogy.

Pink red cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexion without diminishing its freshness; it is, therefore, necessary to separate the pink from the skin, as by a border of *tulle*, which produces the effect of gray by the mixture of white threads which reflect light and the interstices that absorb it. Dark red, being higher, is less objectionable, as it tends to impart whiteness to the skin by contrast of tone.

A delicate green is favorable to fair complexions deficient in rose, but not to a deep color in the cheek. A dark green is better for complexions that have a tint of orange mixed with brown. To such, yellow imparts a roseate hue, and therefore suits brunettes.

A violet drapery, imparting greenish yellow to a fair, and augmenting the yellow tint of a brown complexion, is one of the least favorable colors, when the hue is not sufficiently deep to whiten the skin by contrast of tone. Blue imparts orange, which is capable of allying itself favorably with light flesh tints; but it is not becoming to brunettes, as they have already too much of orange. Orange makes fair complexions blue, whitens those that have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.

White exalts all colors by raising their tone; consequently it is unsuitable to those complexions which have the least disagreeable tint. But draperies of thin muslin or lace have a different effect; they appear more gray than white, like the tulle aforementioned. Black draperies, lowering the tone of the colors with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but the rosy parts distant from the drapery appear redder relatively to the white parts contiguous to the black.

It will be seen, in accordance with these rules, that a pink bonnet or head-dress too small or too much thrown back to reflect colored rays, will impart to the skin feebly lighted by daylight a slight tinge of green; a green imparting pink in a greater proportion. A yellow head-dress will give a sensible tint of violet; a violet a feeble yellow; a blue will give a slight orange; an orange a faint blue, &c.

It follows, then, that to a fair complexion is suitable a black bonnet, with white feathers and white rose, or red flowers; or a light blue, or green bonnet. The blue may be trimmed with white, and in many cases with yellow and orange flowers, but not with rose or violet; the green can be decorated with white, rose-colored, or red. Bonnets of gauze, crape or lace, are suitable to all complexions, and flowers of white, rose or blue, accord with the white. A pink one must not be too close to the skin; if the hair does not produce a sufficient separation, the distance may be increased by a wreath of white flowers with green leaves. A red bonnet is not advisable, except when it is desirable to diminish too warm a tint in the complexion. Neither yellow nor orange should be prescribed for a blonde, and she should be very reserved in the use of violet.

For the brunette, a black bonnet or head-dress may be advantageously trimmed with white, red, rose, orange or yellow: one of white crape or lace with the same. rather than with blue. Bonnets of pink and red are becoming when the hair separates them as much as possible from the complexion. White feathers accord well with red; and white flowers, with plenty of leaves, have a good effect with rose. A yellow bonnet suits a brunette, receiving violet or blue trimmings with advantage; but *the hair must interpose between it and the complexion.* Green or blue bonnets are seldom *admissible for dark beauties.* A violet is hardly ever suitable, but may be tolerated if not only the hair, but yellow accessories, interpose between it and the skin.

Whenever the color of a bonnet or head-dress does not realize the intended effect, even when separated from the complexion by large masses of hair, it will be advantageous to place between the hair and it ribbons, wreaths, detached flowers, &c., of a color complementary to that of the bonnet. Trimming of the same tint should be placed on the outside.

◆

OUR FAIR.

Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, Cincinnati, and other cities, have done nobly, but the Mart of Patriotism and Benevolence to be opened in this city on the 28th inst. ought, on account of our great population, to throw all the other Sanitary Fairs that have preceded it into the shade. We have little doubt that the receipts will exceed a million of dollars. Palace Garden, large as it is, will, we fear, be too small to accommodate the hundreds of thousands who propose to visit the exhibition. It is a pity that a more extensive area has not been enclosed and covered in. There are plenty of vacant spaces up town better suited to the purpose than Palace Garden, and it would have made no difference in the attendance if the locality had been in Fiftieth street instead of Fourteenth street. Multitudes of people have come on from neighboring and distant cities to participate in the exhibition, and we understand that the show of articles is much larger than the managers anticipated. The opening of the fair will constitute an epoch in our city's history that will take precedence of all its other "days marked with a white stone," including those dedicated to the Erie Canal and Croton Celebrations and the inauguration of the Crystal Palace.

The very sagacious individuals who urge that it would be better to contribute in a more *direct* way to the funds of the Commission, and thus save the expenses of the Fair, know very little, it seems to us, of human nature. We venture to say that by no quiet undemonstrative process could there be collected in New York one half of the amount which will flow into the Treasury of the Commission from the approaching Sanitary Fair.

◆

THE BROTHER-IN-LAW BUSINESS OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

MR. BONNER—*Dear Sir*: Can you tell us why it is that President Lincoln retains such a man as Gideon Welles so long in his Cabinet, after his incompetency has been demonstrated, and the demand for his removal has become so universal? Please answer, and oblige A COUNTRY POSTMASTER.

We think we can enlighten "A Country Postmaster." It is well known that Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, has more influence with "Old Abe" than any other member of the Cabinet. Now, Mr. Blair's brother-in-law, Mr. Fox, is Assistant-Secretary of the Navy; and is, of course, desirous of retaining his position. Besides, Mr. Hamlin, Vice-President, is Secretary Welles' brother-in-law. We all know that this brother-in-law business *pays well*, in some way or other. We know how old Mr. Welles gave his brother-in-law Morgan an opportunity to make *a hundred thousand dollars* out of the government, in the way of commissions for buying a few ships—a service which we have no doubt could have been better performed by a competent man for a few hundred dollars.——The LEDGER is not a political paper, and we dislike to refer in any way to political matters; but when we hear of such infamous transactions our blood boils, and we cannot help holding the perpetrators of them up to public scorn.

THE RED CARDS.

Of all the so-called wizards, necromancers, or professors of legerdemain whose exhibitions of skill (or *diablerie*) I have witnessed in various parts of the world, I do not remember one who could compare with a small-sized, mysterious man of swarthy aspect, whose name was Herman Beyersdorf. What country might have been accountable for the nativity of this remarkable person I never could establish with any degree of certainty. He spoke several European languages with fluency; and although I had no capacity for testing his skill in Oriental tongues, I know that he possessed books printed in Persian and Arabic characters, and into these he used to dip with great earnestness and zest. If he was a Bavarian, as, from hints dropped by him I have sometimes thought he was, there was a suspicion attaching to him, nevertheless, of Zingari blood; for once, on visiting in company with him a camp of Gipsies who had Canadian ponies for sale, on the edge of a Western prairie, I observed that he got on very glibly with those irregular vagrants in their mixed jargon. Also that, when I asked him how he had acquired that accomplishment, he waived the question and turned the conversation into another groove.

In stature, Herman Beyersdorf was far below the middle height, and yet there was nothing dwarfish in his appearance. He displayed no particular indication of the great physical strength possessed by him. His shoulders were rather narrow than otherwise, but his chest was deep and powerful, and the developments of his loins and arms were so great that he could easily lift weights with which many a brawny porter would have hesitated to tackle. He could raise a man of average weight from the ground in his chair, and hold him at arm's-length, and his skill as a *prestidigitateur* was equal to his strength as a gymnast. I often asked him why he did not try his fortune by making a public exhibition of his skill and strength, but he used to shake his head with a bitter smile, and reply that his stunted appearance would always be a bar to his success in any kind of public entertainment. "Had I been six inches taller," he would say, "I might ere now have been better off than I am. Perhaps I may make my fortune yet; but if I do it will be by work of mind, not of muscle."

When I first became acquainted with Beyersdorf he was working as a finisher of photographs—an occupation in which he was very skilful, from the fact of his having formerly practised the art of miniature painting. In his work he was of desultory and uncertain habits, seldom following the same occupation for more than a few months at a time. Consequently he was poor; and yet I never heard of his borrowing money from any person, and he always managed to maintain a tolerably respectable appearance. I believe that, in many cases, he paid for his board and lodging in what can hardly be termed current coin. Superstition was rife among the landladies of the old Southwestern city in which we were sojourning at the time of which I speak. Beyersdorf availed himself of this. He lived for weeks at a time, as I heard long afterwards, on his professed power of causing future events to be predicted in red characters upon the arm of the trembling applicant for supernatural information. His landlady, the name of whose third husband as yet unknown, but fore-ordained, dawned out in crimson letters on her plump arm, fading away into pale nothing ere she could well commit it to memory, would have none of his money. She feared to touch it, and would gladly have hinted to him the expediency of seeking other lodgings, but for an inward misgiving that he might thereupon transform her into one of the inferior animals—into some unlovely bird, perhaps, or some obnoxious beast. "And then," said she, "only to think what a dreffle thing that would be, and me just fixed up with a new bonnet and basque!"

For the last few months of my acquaintance with Beyersdorf, his mind seemed to be much taken up with a favorite idea of his, which was the possibility of producing sun-pictures in the natural colors, by the action of light combined with certain chemical preparations. He worked more steadily at this than at anything else, renting for the purpose a large attic room in an old vine-tangled boarding-house, where he gradually surrounded himself with all the means and appliances of the photographic art. One of Beyersdorf's peculiar fancies was a strange tendency to red colors in almost everything. When I visited him in his attic, I noticed that he kept a box with beautiful crimson flowers flaming all over it upon the window-sill, and a bright scarlet tanager flashed its brilliant plumage in a wicker cage that hung in one corner. I was interested in his experiments, and went often to see what progress he was making with them. But he seemed desponding after a while. He wanted capital and more room to work in, he said, and, without these, he feared that nothing would come of his efforts.

It was the first summer of the war, now; and upon calling at Beyersdorf's lodgings one day, I was informed by his landlady that he had departed for Virginia, intending to follow in the train of the army with his photographic apparatus, either with a view to making some money, or for the purpose of further carrying out his experiments with regard to sun-painting. He had presented the landlady's daughter with his box of crimson flowers and the flashing red-bird in its wicker cage. She was a pretty, bright-eyed girl, and it was evident that Beyersdorf, charlatan or whatever else he may have been, had cast some kind of spell over her with his mysterious arts.

Two months or more had passed away, and the summer was drawing to a close, when, on returning home one afternoon, I found lying upon my table a carte-de-visite portrait of Herman Beyersdorf, clearly printed in the usual tint on a pale red surface. There was but one flaw in it. On the centre of the forehead there appeared a bright and star-like spot, which I at first supposed to be a speck of blood, or paint, that had fallen there accidentally. On attempting to wash it off with a fine brush and some water, however, I found that I could not remove it, nor, upon the application of acids, did I meet with any better success. I asked my landlady if she knew by whom the card was left—whether any person had called while I was out. She knew nothing about the card—no person had called. Supposing, however, that Beyersdorf must have returned to town, and might have entered my room without her knowledge, I went to his late lodgings, to see whether there might not be some news of him there.

On arriving there I found nothing but tears and lamentations in the house. Gila Ricardo, the landlady's pretty daughter, was in hysterics, and there were fears for her life. She had found on her table that afternoon, her mother told me, a carte-de-visite likeness of Beyersdorf. The red spot was on the forehead. On seeing it she burst into a paroxysm of terror and tears. "He is dead! dead!" she exclaimed; "I know they have killed him! I have seen him three times lately in my dreams. Dead! dead! Oh, I wish I were with him! Let me follow him; I must not stay!"

Leaving this scene of distress—for of what use is a wretched bachelor in the midst of woman's hysterics and woe?—I bent my steps toward other quarters in the city, where tidings might possibly be had of Beyersdorf. Nobody knew anything about him, however. Nobody had heard from him during his absence; nor, if he had returned to town, was any person aware of it. Business was exacting with me, and I gave up the pursuit.

The day on which the card photographs were found by the young girl of the lodging-house and myself, was the 23rd of September, 1861, about four o'clock in the afternoon. It is important to be particular with regard to dates.

Some ten or twelve days after this occurrence, on taking up a morning paper, I found in it a letter from a soldier of the Federal army, of which the following is an extract:

> "* * * You probably remember that, in my last, I mentioned a photographer who had been with our regiment for some time. He was a singular little fellow, seemingly quite absorbed with making experiments in his art. At night, though, when his work was over, and there was no fighting going on, he was the life of the camp, amusing us all with his tricks upon cards and his gymnastic feats. Although of small stature, not much over five feet high, he could put up a bigger cannon-ball than any man in the regiment. Poor fellow!—all his tricks and trials are over now. On the afternoon of the 23d September we had some sharp skirmishing on the right. I was on my way back from delivering a despatch at head-quarters when I came across the poor photographer, lying dead near his camera, which he had pitched in an exposed position. There was a red mark like a star in the centre of his forehead. I suppose a rifle-bullet had gone through his head, but we have not much time to investigate such matters here. When night fell he was buried somewhere with the rest of them. Soldiers' graves are rather promiscuous these times, you know. We never knew his name—mysterious mountebank that he was!—but among the few articles found in his kit was a fine cambric handkerchief, beautifully embroidered with the initials—*H. B. from G. R.* His life was a mystery, and so is his death."

Some of my readers will remember the beautiful *vivandiere* who accompanied the —th ——— Regiment during the Fall campaign of 1861, in Virginia. Perhaps they will also call to mind the little box of crimson flowers that stood on a bench in front of her tent, and the gay red-bird that flashed to and fro there in his wicker cage. Of course her name was not Gila Ricardo, for had it been I should not have called her by it in this brief reminiscence. My names are fictitious, but my facts are facts. Poor child!—she followed the army in the vague hope of planting some of the cherished red flowers on the hapless photographer's grave. "Soldiers' graves are rather promiscuous these times," said the letter-writer. Alas! they are. She never found the one she was in search of; but the red flowers are crisping in the Summer time upon a lone grave in a quiet nook of Virginia. Kind friends were with her when she died, and some rough but honest hand has carved upon the rude head-stone that marks her resting-place—"Gila Ricardo—Farewell."

◆

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE STOMACH.

The brain is a noble organ, no doubt; but notwithstanding its nobility, its action is not independent. The stomach exercises an immense influence over it. If that plebeian organ does not work properly, the brain is sure to be in a muddled condition. Napoleon's stomach is said to have lost him the advantages he might have derived from the battles of Leipsic and Borodino. Fits of dyspepsia, occasioned by over-eating, are believed to have prevented him from converting into decisive victories the successes he obtained in those memorable conflicts. Stimulate the stomach with alcohol, and what is the result? The offended organ revenges itself upon the brain—the organ which permits the outrage. In the revolution which ensues the "throne of intellect" is rendered vacant. This is poetic justice, and a remarkable illustration of the dependence of the seat of reason upon the seat of digestion.

It behooves us, therefore, not to trifle with our digestive apparatus, for if we eat and drink not rationally, neither shall we plan wisely nor execute skilfully and energetically. Men who gorge themselves like sloths and anacondas share with those animals the apathy which is the penalty of repletion. Dietetics, therefore, may be considered in some sense a branch of mental and moral science. The intellectual faculties and moral sentiments are unquestionably controlled, to a considerable extent, by the epigastrium.

If then we desire that greatest of all temporal blessings, "a sound mind in a sound body," we ought to adopt the means best calculated to secure that end. Before sitting down to table, says an able writer on the philosophy of diet and regimen, "study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation or hurry, of one or the other, especially just before meals, and while the process of digestion is going on. To this end govern your temper; endeavor to look at the bright side of things; keep down unruly passions; discard envy, hatred and malice, and lay your head on your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants outrun your means. When your meals are solitary, let your thoughts be cheerful; when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes, serious arguments or unpleasant topics. 'Unquiet meals,' says Shakespeare, 'make ill digestions,' and the contrary is produced by easy conversation, pleasant projects, welcome news or a lively companion." The same author advises wives not to entertain their husbands at dinner with domestic grievances about children or servants, nor to ask for money, nor produce unpaid bills, nor propound unseasonable and provoking questions. He also recommends husbands to keep their out-door cares and vexations to themselves on such occasions, and only to communicate what is comforting, cheering and amusing. This we take to be very excellent counsel and well adapted to the conservation of domestic peace as well as to the promotion of good digestion. Were it generally observed it might prove a better tonic than even the wine which Paul permitted to Timothy for his "stomach's sake."

◆

A CARD.

The writer would take occasion to return his heartfelt thanks to the rather good-looking "feller" and "girl" who sat near him at the concert, last evening, playing "odd or even" with wintergreen lozenges, for the unexpected privilege of listening to their gabble during some of the sweetest and most delicate music of Camilla Urso's violin, as well as during Madame Varian's singing and Hoffman's playing. As the lady remarked that she "had rather staid at home than to come into such a jam," the writer mildly suggests that his grief would not have been inconsolable if she had. And, if he migh venture an opinion, a public concert is not the best place for courting, unless it is done very quietly.—*Hartford Evening Press.*

◆

MR. BONNER—*Dear Sir*:—I have read statements in the *Herald, Tribune* and other papers to the effect that you have made a present of your celebrated mare, "Lady Woodruff," to the great Metropolitan Fair for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers. If this is so, will you please let me know when and how she will be sold, and oblige

AN ORANGE COUNTY FARMER.

She will be sold at public auction; but the time and place have not yet been fixed upon. Due notice will be given in the daily papers.

◆

—The most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved.

A TELEGRAM.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Hark! the click of wire insensate,
  Jotting viewless words of fate,
Speaking doom in nimble measures,
  While its eager prompters wait,
Shading light, and lighting shadows,
  Stamping mottoes coldly terse,
Listen to one single message,
  This—"Come, quickly, mother 's worse."

Daughter May fling down thy jewels,
  Bride and belle, at revel bright
They will miss while May in sorrow
  Faces home and coming night.
Night, that brings such sad to-morrows,
  Always to some mourner's reft.
Night, that may bring no to-morrow
  In the land a soul has left.

Harold—close the open ledger,
  Blot and blur the last amount,
Life that gave you life is flitting
  Slowly to its last account.
Gentle Geordie—best beloved,
  Leave the toil of brush and pen,
Lay the head with silver shaded
  On your shoulder once again.

Wayward Will—forsake the wassail,
  Stop and think as best you may
Of the love, whose like will never
  Meet you 'til your dying day.
Yet her patient blessing waits you,
  You—whose failing others curse,
Let the words bring quick contrition,
  Will—"Come quickly, mother 's worse."

Children, gather in about her,
  So your meeting hands shall clasp,
Cradle her from earth to heaven,
  Till the angels bending grasp
At her shing garments trailing
  On the path among the stars,
And before the soul triumphant
  Lowered lie the crystal bars.

There is no wire electric yonder,
  Where the peaceful spirits rest
For coming ill, nor wailing message
  To the soul supremely blest,
But ever still when stars are watching,
  Thrilling through the space between,
A mother seems to send her greeting
  By a pathway all unseen.

* * *

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER CXXI.

WHICH IS THE BRIDE?

> His horse went on, hoof after hoof,
>   Went on and never stopped,
> Till down behind the mansion roof,
>   At once, the red sun dropped.
>
> What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
>   Into a lover's head!—
> "Oh, Heaven!" to himself he cried,
>   "If—if she should be dead!" WORDSWORTH.

Ishmael galloped along the road leading to "The Beacon," followed at a short distance by the Professor, who found some difficulty in keeping up with his master.

Ishmael's aspect was not altogether that of a happy lover, going to see his beloved; for his countenance was thoughtful, grave and sad. How could it be otherwise with him, after the scene he had left? His thoughts, his sympathies, his regrets were with Claudia, the earliest friend of his friendless childhood; with Claudia, grand, noble and beautiful, even in the wreck of her happiness; with Claudia, loving now as she had never loved before.

Yes, his thoughts, his regrets, his sympathies were with her. But where was his love, his esteem and his admiration?

As he rode on, the figure of Claudia, in her woe, became lost in a shadow that was gradually stealing over his soul—one of those mysterious shadows that approaching misfortunes are said to cast before them! In vain he tried by reason to dispel this gloom. The nearer he approached "The Beacon," the deeper it settled upon his spirit!

What could it mean? Was all well at the Beacon? Was all well with Bee?

Reuben Gray, when questioned, had said that he had not heard from them for a week. And what might not have happened in a week?

At that thought a pang like death shot through his heart; and he put spurs to his horse and urged him forward at his best speed.

But with all his haste the short February day was drawing to its close and the descending sun was sinking behind the mansion house and its group of out-buildings, when Ishmael rode into the front yard, followed closely by his servant.

It was but the work of a moment to spring from his horse, throw the reins to the Professor, bound up the steps to the front door and ring the bell.

The door was opened by Mr. Middleton in person. This was an unprecedented, an ominous circumstance.

Bee's father looked very grave as he held out his hand, saying:

"How do you do, Ishmael? I am glad that you have all returned safely."

"How do you do, Mr. Middleton? I hope—I hope that I find you all well?" said Ishmael, striving to speak composedly.

"Y—yes. Come into the library, my young friend, I wish to speak with you alone before you see any other member of the family," said Mr. Middleton.

Nearly overwhelmed with his emotions, dreading, he knew not what, Ishmael followed Mr. Middleton into the library and dropped into the chair that gentleman pushed towards him.

"Bee—Bee! For Heaven's sake tell me? Is she well?" he asked.

"Y—yes," answered Mr. Middleton, hesitatingly, gravely—"Bee is well."

"Good Heaven, sir, can you not speak plainly? We say of the sainted dead that they are well; that it is well with them. Oh, tell me, tell me, is Bee *alive* and well?" exclaimed the young man, as drops of sweat, forced forth by his great agony of suspense, started from his brow.

"Yes, yes! Bee is alive and well."

Ishmael dropped his head upon his hands and breathed a fervent

"Thanks be to God!"

"I have given you unintentional alarm, Ishmael."

"Oh, sir! alarm does not begin to express what I have suffered. You have wrung my heart. But let that pass, sir. What is it that you wished to say to me?" said Ishmael, raising his head.

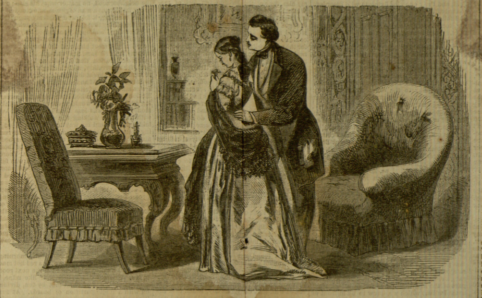
"Take a glass of wine first," said Mr. Middleton, bringing a decanter and glasses from a side-table.

"Thank you, sir; I never touch it. Pray do not regard me; but go on with what you were about to say."

"I will then, Ishmael. And I hope that you will forgive me if I speak very plainly."

"Speak then, sir. Bee's father has a holy right to speak plainly to Bee's betrothed," replied Ishmael, wondering what portentous communication these words prefaced.

"It is as Bee's father, and no less as your friend, Ishmael, that I do speak!—Ishmael," continued Mr. Middleton, solemnly, "we all knew your strong, your very strong attachment to Claudia Merlin before she became Lady Vincent——"



ISHMAEL AND BEE.

"Well, sir?" said the young man, gravely.

"We all knew how nearly heart-broken you were for a considerable time after her marriage, and indeed until you found consolation and healing in the sympathy and affection of my daughter Beatrice."

"Yes, sir," said Ishmael, speaking low, and bending his head.

"You possibly mistook this sisterly love of the companion of your childhood for that deeper love that should bind husband and wife together for time and for eternity. And you asked me to give you Bee, and I, rashly, perhaps, consented. For who could foresee the end?"

Ishmael grew very pale, but compressed his lips and governed his strong emotions.

Mr. Middleton continued:

"Lady Vincent fell into trouble. She needed the help of a man with a strong arm, wise head and pure heart. You were that man, Ishmael. At her first cry for help wafted across the Atlantic, you threw up all your professional prospects, left your office and your clients to take care of themselves, and flew to her relief. It was to your wonderful intelligence, inspired, no doubt, by your pure love, that she owed her deliverance from all the snares laid for her destruction. You have rescued her and brought her safely home—are you listening, Ishmael?"

"I am listening, sir," answered the young man, very gravely. By this time he had begun to understand the drift of Mr. Middleton's discourse, and had recovered his composure, and his look was somewhat stern.

"Well, then, in a word—Lord Vincent is dead, Claudia is free, you have been her constant companion since her widowhood. Now, then, Ishmael, if in these days of close companionship with Lady Vincent your love for Claudia Merlin has revived——"

"Mr. Middleton, how *can* you speak to me thus!" interrupted Ishmael in a stern voice, and with flashing eyes, and in very righteous indignation. The next instant, however, he recovered himself. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, sorrowfully, "I should not have spoken so to the father of my betrothed—to my own father, I might almost say. I beg your pardon sincerely."

"Compose yourself, Ishmael, and listen to me. I speak the words of truth and soberness, and you must hear them. I say *if* in these days of intimate association with Lady Vincent your love for Claudia Merlin has revived, you must break with Bee."

"Mr. Middleton!!"

"Gently, Ishmael! If this is so, it cannot be helped! And none of us blame you. The human heart should be free. Nay, it *will* be free. So——"

"But, Mr. Middleton"——

"Gently, gently, Ishmael, I beg; hear me out. I know what you were about to say. You were about to talk of your plighted word, of fidelity, and of honor. But I think, Ishmael, that, if it is as I suppose, there would be more honor in frankly stating the case to Bee and asking for the release that she would surely give you, than there would be in marrying her while you love another. You should not offer her a divided love. Bee is worthy of a whole heart."

"Do I not know it?" broke forth Ishmael, in strong emotion. "Oh, do I not know it? And do I not give her my whole, unwavering, undivided heart? Mr. Middleton, look at me!" said the young man, fixing his truthful, earnest, eloquent eyes upon that gentleman's face—"Look at me! It is true that I once cherished a boyish passion for Lady Vincent—unreasoning, ardent, vehement as such boyish passions are apt to be. But, sir, her marriage with Lord Vincent killed that passion quite. It was dead and buried, without the possibility of resurrection. It was impossible, utterly impossible for me to love another man's wife. Every honorable principle, every delicate instinct of my nature forbade it. On her marriage day my boyish flame burned to ashes. And, sir, such ashes as are never re-kindled again! Never, under any circumstances! It is true that I have felt the deepest sympathy for Lady Vincent in her sorrows; but not more, sir, than it is my nature to feel for any suffering woman! not more, sir, I assure you, than I felt for that poor, little middle-aged widow who was my first client; not more, scarcely so much, as I felt for Lady Hurstmonceaux in her desertion. Oh, sir, the love that I gave to Bee is not the transient passion of a boy, it is the steadfast affection of a man. And since the blessed day of our betrothal, my heart has known no shadow of turning from its fidelity to her. Sir, do you believe me?"

"I do! I do, Ishmael! And I beg you to forgive me for my doubts of you."

"For myself, I have nothing to forgive. But, sir, I hope, I trust, that you have not disturbed Bee with these doubts."

"Well, Ishmael, you know, I felt it my duty gradually to prepare her mind for the shock that she might have received, had those old coals of yours been re-kindled."

"Then Heaven forgive you, Mr. Middleton! Where is she? Can I see her now?"

"Of course you can, Ishmael. In any case, you should have seen her once more. If you had been going to break with her, you would have had to see her, to ask from her own lips your release."

"Where is she—where?"

"In the drawing-room—waiting, like the good girl that she is, to give you your freedom, should you desire it of her."

"I say—God forgive you, Mr. Middleton!" said Ishmael, starting off.

Suddenly he stopped; he was very much agitated, and he did not wish to break in upon Bee in that disturbed state. He poured out a large glass of water, and drank it off; stood still a minute to recover his composure, and then went quietly to the drawing-room. Very softly he opened the door.

There she was! Ah, it seemed ages since he had seen her last! And now he stood for a moment looking at her, before he advanced into the room.

She was standing at the west window, apparently looking out at the wintry, red sunset. Although it was afternoon, she still wore a long, flowing, white merino morning dress, and her bright golden brown hair was unwound, hanging loose upon her shoulders. The beams of the setting sun, streaming in full upon her, illumined the outlines of her beautiful head and graceful form. A lovely picture she made as she stood there like some fair spirit.

Ishmael advanced softly towards her, stood behind her.

"Bee! dear, dear Bee!" he said, putting his arms around her.

She turned in a moment, exclaiming:

"Dear Ishmael! dearest brother!" and was caught to his bosom. She dropped her head upon his shoulder, and burst into a flood of tears. She wept long and convulsively. And he held her closely to his heart, and soothed her with loving words.

It seemed she did not take in the full purport of those words, for presently she ceased weeping, gently disengaged herself from his embrace, and sat down upon the corner of the sofa, with her elbow resting on its arm, and her head leaning on her hand. And then, as he looked at her, Ishmael saw for the first time how changed, how sadly changed she was.

Bee's face had always been fair, clear and delicate, but now it was so white, wan and shadowy, that her sweet blue eyes seemed preternaturally large, bright and hollow. She began to speak, but with an effort that was very perceptible:

"Dear Ishmael, dearest and ever dearest brother, I did not mean to weep so; it was very foolish; but then you [illegible] we girls weep for almost anything, or [illegible]; so you——"

Her voice sank into silence.

"My darling, why should you weep at all? and why do you call me brother?" whispered Ishmael, sitting down beside her, and drawing her towards him.

But again she gently withdrew herself from him, and looking into his face with her clear eyes and sweet smile, she said:

"Why? Because, dear Ishmael, though we shall never meet again after to-day—though it would not be right that we should—yet I shall always hold you as the dearest among my brothers. Oh, did you think—did you think it could be otherwise? Did you think this—dispensation could turn me against you? Oh, no, no, no, Ishmael, it could not. Nothing that you could do could turn me against you, because you would do no wrong. You have not done wrong now, dear; I do not imagine that any of us think so. We do not presume to blame you—none of us; not my father, not my mother—least of all myself. It was——" Again her sinking voice dropped into silence.

"Bee—darling, darling Bee—you do not know what you are talking about. I love you, Bee! I love you!" said Ishmael, earnestly, again trying to draw her to his heart.

But again she gently prevented him, as with a wan smile, and in a low voice, she answered:

"I know you do, dear; I never doubted that you did. You *always* loved me as if I were your own little sister. But not as you loved *her*, Ishmael."

"Bee——"

"Hush, dear! Let me speak while I have strength to do so. She was your first love, Ishmael; your first friend, you remember. With all her faults—and they are but as the spots upon the sun—she is a glorious creature, and worthy of you. I always knew that I was not to be compared to her."

"No, Heaven knows that you were not!" breathed Ishmael, inaudibly, as he watched Bee.

"All your friends, Ishmael—all who love you and who are interested in your welfare—if they could influence your choice, would direct it to her, rather than to me. You are making your name illustrious; you will sometime attain a high station in society. And who is there so worthy to bear your name and share your station as that queenly woman."

"Bee! Bee! you almost break my heart. I tell you I love you, Bee! I love *you!*"

"I know you do, dear; I have said that you do! and you are distressed about me; but do not be so, dear! Indeed I shall be very well; I shall have work to occupy me and duties to interest me; indeed I shall be happy, Ishmael; indeed I shall; and I shall always love you, as a little sister loves her dearest brother; so take your troth-plight back again, dear, and with it take my prayers for your happiness," said Bee, beginning to draw the engagement ring from her finger.

"Bee! Bee! what are you doing? You will not listen to me! I love you, Bee! I love *you!* hear me! There is no woman in the world can rival you for an instant in my heart! no, not one! and there has never has been one! That boyish passion I once cherished for another, and that haunts your imagination so fatally, was but as a blaze of straws that quickly burned out! It was a fever common to boyhood. Few men, arrived at years of discretion, Bee, would like to marry their first follies—for it is a misnomer to call them first loves;—yes, very few men would like to do so, Bee, least of all would I. What I give you, Bee, is a constant, steadfast love, a love for time and for eternity. Oh, my dearest, hear me, and believe me!" he said, speaking fervently, earnestly, forcibly.

She had started and caught her breath; and now she was looking and listening, as though she doubted the evidence of her own eyes and ears.

He had taken her hand and was resettling the ring more firmly on the finger, from which, indeed, she had not quite withdrawn it.

"Do you believe me now, dear Bee?" he softly inquired.

"Believe you? Why, Ishmael, I never doubted your word in all my life. But—but, I cannot realize it. I cannot bring it home to my heart yet. How is it possible it should be true? How is it possible you should choose me, when you might marry *her?*" said Bee, with large, wondering eyes.

"How is it poseible my darling one, that you should not know how much more lovely you are than any other girl, or woman, I have ever seen—except one."

"Except *one*, Ishmael?" she inquired, with a faint smile.

"Except the Countess of Hurstmonceaux, who is almost as good and as beautiful as you. Bee, my darling, are you satisfied now?"

"Oh, Ishmael, I cannot realize it. I have been schooling my heart so long, so long, to resign you!"

"So long? how long, my dearest?"

"Oh, ever since we heard that *she* was free. And that has been—let me see—why indeed it has been but a week! But oh, Ishmael, it seems to me that years and years have passed since my father told me to prepare for a disappointment!"

"Heaven pardon him! I scarcely can!" said Ishmael to himself.

"But is it indeed true? Do you really love me best of all? And can you be satisfied with me, with *me?*"

"'Satisfied' with you, dearest? Well, I suppose that is the best word after all! Yes, dearest, yes, perfectly, eternally satisfied with you, Bee!" he said, drawing her to his heart. And this time she did not withdraw herself from his embrace; but with a soft sob of joy, she dropped her head upon his bosom.

"You believe my love now, Bee?" he stooped and whispered.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, Ishmael! and I am so happy!" she murmured.

"Now then listen to me, dearest, for I have something to say to you. Do you remember, love, that day you came to me in the arbor? I was sleeping the heavy sleep of inebriation; and you wept over me and veiled my humbled head with your own dear handkerchief, and glided away, as softly as you came! Do you remember, dear, that night, you sat up at your window, watching and waiting to let me in with your own dear hand, that none should witness my humiliation? Bee! apparently that was a compassionate sister trying to save from obloquy an erring brother. But really, Bee, as the truth stands in the spiritual world, it is this: A sinner was sleeping upon the brink of one of the foulest gulfs in the depths of perdition! a single turn in his sleep and he would have been eternally lost! But an angel came from Heaven, and with her gentle hand softly aroused him and drew him out of danger! Bee! I was that sinner on the brink of eternal woe, and you that angel from Heaven who saved him! Bee! from that day I knew that God had sent you, to be my guardian spirit through this world. And when I forget that day, Bee, may the Lord forget me. And when I cease to adore you for it, Bee, may the Lord cease to love me. But as love of Heaven is sure, Bee, so is my love for you. And both are eternal. Oh, love! bride! wife! hear me! believe me! love me!"

"Oh, I do, I do, Ishmael! And I am so happy! And the very spring of my happiness is in the thought that after all I content you."

"With an infinite content, Bee!"

"And now let us go to my dear mother; she will be so glad; she loves you so much you know, Ishmael!" said Bee, gently releasing herself—and looking up, her fair face now rosy with delicate bloom and the tones of her voice trilling with subdued joy.

Ishmael arose and gave her his arm, and they passed out of the drawing-room and entered the morning room, where Mrs. Middleton sat among her younger children.

"Mamma," said Bee, "we were none of us right; here is Ishmael to speak for himself."

"I know it, my dear, your papa has just been in here, and told me all about it. How do you do, Ishmael? Welcome home, my son!" said Mrs. Middleton, rising and holding out her arms.

Ishmael warmly embraced Bee's mother.

But by this time the children had gathered around him, clamorous for recognition. All children were very fond of Ishmael.

While he was shaking hands with the boys, kissing the little girls and lifting the youngest up in his arms, Mr. Middleton came in.

And the evening passed happily.

Ishmael remained one happy week with Bee, and then leaving her, recovered, blooming and happy, he returned to Washington, where he was affectionately welcomed by the two fair and gentle old ladies, who had put his rooms in holiday order to receive him.

He returned in good time for the opening of the spring term of the circuit court, and soon found himself surrounded with clients and the business of his office prospered greatly.

CHAPTER CXXII.

CONCLUSION.

> How saidst thou!—Labor:—why his work is pleasure;
>   His days are pleasantness, his nights are peace;
>   He drinks of joys that neither cloy, nor cease,
> A well that gushes blessings, without measure:
> Yea, and to crown the cup of peace with praise
> Both God and man approve his works and ways.
> MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Early in the spring of the following year a great distinction awaited Ishmael Worth. Young as he then was, he had won the admiration and confidence of the greatest statesmen and politicians of the day. And there *were* statesmen as well as politicians then. "There were giants in those days." And from among all the profound lawyers and learned judges of the country, young Ishmael Worth was selected by our government as their especial ambassador to the Court of France, to settle with the French ministry some knotty point of international law about which the two countries were in danger of going to war.

Ishmael was to sail in May. His marriage with Bee had been deferred upon various pretexts by her family; for not very willingly do parents part with such a daughter as Bee, even to a husband so well beloved and highly esteemed as Ishmael. And Ishmael and Bee had reluctantly, but dutifully, submitted to their wishes.

But not again would Ishmael cross the Atlantic without Bee. So, on the first of May, they were very quietly married in the parish church that the family attended. Judge Merlin and his daughter were, of course, invited to be present at the ceremony; but both sent excuses, with best wishes for the happiness of the young pair. Not yet could Claudia look calmly on the marriage of Ishmael and Bee.

On the seventh of May, Ishmael and his bride sailed from New York to Havre, for Paris. There he satisfactorily concluded the important business upon which he had been sent. And it is supposed to have been owing to his wise diplomacy alone, under Divine Providence, that a war was averted and the disputed question settled upon an amicable and permanent basis. Having thus performed his mission, he devoted himself exclusively to his bride. She was presented at the French Court, where her beauty, resplendant now with perfected love and joy, made a great sensation, even in that court of beauties. She went to some of the most select and exclusive of the ambassadors' balls, and everywhere, without seeking or desiring such distinction, she became the cynosure of all eyes. When the season was over in Paris they made the tour of Europe, seeing the best that was to be seen, stopping at all the principal capitals, and, through our ministers, entering into all the court circles. And everywhere the handsome person, courtly address and brilliant intellect of Ishmael, and the beauty, grace and amiability of Bee, inspired admiration and respect. They came last to England. In London they were the guests of our minister. Here also Bee was presented at court, where, as elsewhere, her rare loveliness was the theme of every tongue.

Meanwhile, Claudia living in widowhood and seclusion, learned all of Bee's trans-Atlantic triumphs through the "court-circulars" and "fashionable intelligence" of the English papers; and through the gossipping foreign letter writers of the New York journals; all of which in a morbid curiosity she took, and in a self-tormenting spirit studied. In what bitterness of soul, she read of all these triumphs! This was exactly what she had marked out for herself, when she sold her soul to the fiend, in becoming the wife of Lord Vincent! And how the fiend had cheated her! Here she was, at an obscure country house, wearing out the days of her youth in hopeless widowhood and loneliness! This splendid career of Bee, was the very thing to attain which she had sacrificed the struggling young lawyer, and taken the noble Viscount. And now it was that very young lawyer who introduced his bride to all these triumphs; while that very Viscount had left *her* to a widowhood of obscurity and reproach! In eagerly, recklessly, sinfully snatching at these social honors she had lost them all! While Bee, without seeking or desiring them, by simply walking forward in her path of love and duty had found them in her way! But for her own wicked pride and mental short-sightedness, she might be occupying that very station, now, so gracefully adorned by Bee.

What a lesson it was! Claudia bowed her haughty head and took it well to heart. "It is bitter! it is bitter! but it is just, and I accept it! I will learn of it! I cannot be happy; but I can be dutiful! I have but my father left in this world! I will devote myself to him and to God!" she said, and she kept her word.

There is one incident in the travels of Ishmael and Bee that should be recorded here, since it concerns a lady (?) that figured rather conspicuously in this history. The young pair were at Cameron Court, on a visit to the Countess of Hurstmonceaux and Mr. Brudenell, whom they found enjoying much calm domestic happiness. Making Cameron Court their headquarters, Ishmael and Bee went on many excursions through the country and visited many interesting places. Among the rest, they inspected the model Reformatory Female Prison at Ballmornock. While they were going through one of the work-rooms, Bee suddenly pressed her husband's arm and whispered:

"Ishmael, dear, observe that poor young woman sitting there binding shoes! How pretty and lady-like she seems, to be in such a place as this, poor thing!"

Ishmael looked as desired; and at the same moment the female prisoner raised her head; and their eyes met.

"Come away, Bee, my darling," said Ishmael, suddenly turning his wife around and leading her from the room.

"She really seemed to know you, Ishmael," said Bee, as they left the prison.

"She did, love; it was Mrs. Dugald."

Bee's blue eyes opened wide, in wonder and sorrow, and she walked on in silence and in thought.

Yes, the female prisoner, in the coarse gray woollen gown and close white linen cap, who sat on the wooden bench binding shoes, was Katy's "whited sepulchre." She had been sent first to the "Bridewell;" where for a few days she had been very violent and ungovernable, but she soon learned that her best interests lay in submission; and for months afterwards she behaved so well that at length she was sent to the milder "Reformatory" to work out her ten years of penal servitude. Here she was supplied with food, clothing and shelter—all of a good, coarse, substantial sort. But she was compelled to work very steadily all the week, and to hear two good sermons on Sunday. And as she had never in her life before enjoyed such excellent moral training as this, let us hope that the "Reformatory" really reformed her.

Ishmael and Bee returned home in the early autumn. Almost immediately upon his arrival in Washington, Ishmael was made District Attorney. The emoluments of this office added to the income from his private practice brought him in a revenue that justified him in taking an elegant little suburban villa, situated within its own beautiful grounds and within an easy distance from his office. Here he lived with Bee, as happy, and making her as happy, as they both deserved to be.

It was in the third winter of Claudia's widowhood that the health of her father began to fail. A warmer climate was recommended to him as the only condition of his prolonged life. He went to Cuba, attended by Claudia, now his devoted nurse. In that more genial atmosphere his health improved, so much that he entered moderately into the society of the capital, and renewed some of his old acquaintance. He found that Philip Tourneysee had succeeded at last in winning the heart of the pretty Creole widow, Señora Donna Eleanora Pacheco, to whom she had been married a year. He met again that magnificent old grandee of Castile, Señor Don Filipo Martinez, Marquis de la Santa Espirto, who at first sight became an ardent admirer of Claudia. And the more the Castilian nobleman saw of this pale, pensive beauty, the more he admired her; and the more he observed her devotion to her father, the more he esteemed her. At length he formally proposed for her, and was accepted. And at about the same time the Marquis received the high official appointment he had been so long expecting: Claudia, in marrying him, became the wife of the Captain General of Cuba, and the first lady on the Island. But, mark you! she had not sought nor expected this distinction. She simply found it in the performance of her duties. And if she did not love her stately husband with the ardor of her youth, she admired and revered him. In his private life she made him a good wife; in his public career an intelligent counsellor; in everything a faithful companion. Judge Merlin spent all his winters with them in Havana; and all his summers at Tanglewood, taken care of by Katy.

A few words about the other characters of our story.

Old Mrs. Brudenell and her daughters vegetated on at Brudenell Hall, in a monotony that was broken by only three incidents in as many years. The first was the death of poor Eleanor, whose worthless husband had died of excess some months before; the second incident was the marriage of Elizabeth Brudenell to the old pastor of her parish, who repented of his celibacy because he had become infirm, and took a wife because he required a nurse; and the third was the visit of the Countess of Hurstmonceaux and Mr. Brudenell, who came and spent a few months among their friends in America, and then returned to their delightful home in Scotland.

The Middletons continued to live at "The Beacon." But every winter they spent a month at "The Bee-Hive," which was the name of the Worths' villa; and every summer Ishmael, Bee and their lovely little daughter, Nora, passed a few weeks amid the invigorating sea-breezes at "The Beacon."

The Professor lived with Ishmael, in the enjoyment of a vigorous and happy old age.

Reuben and Hannah Gray continued to reside at Woodside, cultivating the Tanglewood estate and bringing up their two children.

Alfred Burghe was cashiered for "conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman," as the charge against him set forth; and he and his brother have passed into forgetfulness.

Sally and Jim were united, of course, and lived as servants at Tanglewood, where Old Katy, as housekeeper, reigned supreme.

What else?

Ishmael loved, prayed and worked—worked more than ever, for he knew that though it was hard to win, it was harder to secure fame. He went on from success to success. *He became illustrious.*

THE END.

ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The terrible battle, known as St. Clair's Defeat—terrible at least for the time and place and in its consequences—was fought in the northwestern part of what is now Darke county, Ohio, near the Indiana line, on the morning of the fourth of November, 1791.

Early in the spring preceding, General St. Clair had received orders to raise and organize an army, march into the wilderness as far as the junction of the rivers St. Mary and St. Joseph, and establish a line of military posts along the whole route, from Fort Washington (now Cincinnati) to that extreme limit, with a view of keeping the Indians in wholesome dread of the power of the whites, and preventing those fearful depredations which had already done so much to check the tide of advancing civilization. In the execution of these orders, St. Clair, after surmounting many serious obstacles, and building Forts Hamilton and Jefferson on his way, reached a branch of the Wabash, on the evening of the third of November, and encamped there in supposed security, with an army between two and three thousand strong, and some hundreds of camp-followers, mostly women and children, the families of the soldiers.

The great and fatal mistake of St. Clair, was in his *fancied* security—in not having a number of experienced scouts thrown out far in advance of the main body, to scour the wilderness in every direction and give him timely warning of danger, instead of blindly marching forward as if passing through a friendly country. The Indians, at least, proved themselves more circumspect; their scouts and runners had not been idle; but had, from time to time, brought home intelligence of the movements of the whites; and to check and punish what they regarded as an invasion of their territory, collected in great force, and marched forward to give their enemies battle. Owing to the criminal want of precaution on the part of the commander of the whites, these dusky sons of the forest were enabled to concoct their plans without suspicion, arrange their attack without detection, and carry out their designs with the most terrible effect.

On the morning of the fourth of November, about half-an-hour before sunrise, and just after the men had been dismissed from parade, a fierce attack was made upon some militia posted in front of the main body; and as the assailed, after a slight resistance, fell back, in wild disorder, upon the camp, the savages, in overwhelming force, led by their most distinguished chiefs, came rushing on, with yells of fury, creating a panic and confusion impossible to describe. Then began a desperate fight and fearful slaughter. The brave soldiers, though taken completely by surprise, seized their arms, rallied under their respective leaders, and stood their ground like heroes. Their first regular fire in some degree checked the onset of the foe; but the latter was too great in numbers, and had already too much the advantage, to give way permanently, and in a short time our gallant fellows were assailed on all sides with greater fury, and officers and men went down before their deadly rifles like leaves before the blasts of autumn. Several charges were ordered and made with great spirit; but though the savages at times gave way before the impetuous rush of their disciplined foes, yet it was only to rally in greater force and press on more fearfully upon some weaker point.

For three hours the battle raged with the wildest fury, and by that time the ground was everywhere strewed with the dead and dying, and General St. Clair saw with dismay that the day was hopelessly lost. Four of his own horses had already been killed, his clothes were riddled with bullets, and nearly every officer in whom he had confidence had been cut down at his post. Under these distressing circumstances, there was but one thing for him to do, if he would save the remnant of his brave army, and that was to give the order to retreat, which he did.

This retreat, as might have been anticipated, soon became a rout of the most terrible kind. The Indians, finding themselves masters of the field, and their enemies flying in wild disorder, rushed after the fugitives with yells of triumph, and followed them for four or five miles, shooting, tomahawking and scalping all they overtook. Then the most eager, satisfied with their morning's work, gave up the chase, and returned to the battle-field, to gather the scalps of the dead and dying. Nearly all the wounded were butchered wherever found; but those who, more unfortunate, had been taken unharmed, were generally reserved for the tortures; and of these there were enough to give many a holiday to the different tribes, when the warriors should return in triumph from their sanguinary war-path.

We have thus given an outline sketch of the disaster of that woful day; but the details of that horrid scene of conflict, if they could be written out, would fill volumes. This of course is beyond human attempt—for the Great Book of the Recording Angel can only reveal the facts concerning the hundreds whose spirits took their eternal flight from that ensanguined field. It is permitted us, however, to gather here and there a narration from the records of a few who were actors in that dreadful tragedy; and one of these, obtained from a strictly private source, it is our purpose here to relate. Robert Branshaw, a Kentuckian, has left behind him some account of what he individually saw and did on that memorable day.

"The main camp, (he says,) was pitched in a level wood, with a small stream in front of it, one of the head-branches of the Wabash; and on the other side of this, about a quarter of a mile in advance, on some high ground, was posted the militia, and also a company of rangers, to which latter I belonged. We, the rangers, had been on duty through the latter part of the night, prepared for an attack from some Indians which we knew to be in front of us—though we supposed them to be a mere scouting party, sent out to get intelligence of our movements, and did not think they meditated anything more serious than picking off some of our number if they could find a safe opportunity, and getting a few scalps if they could do so without any very serious risk. Certain it is, we were not prepared for what took place.

"It was in the gray of morning, before objects had become distinct at any considerable distance, that I was standing near one of the guard-fires, conversing with a comrade, when suddenly I saw some twenty or thirty painted savages dodging around among the trees in front of us, as if with the view of taking us by surprise. Supposing these to be the whole party, and thinking it a good chance to bring down one of them and at the same time alarm the camp, I instantly raised my rifle to my eye, took a quick aim, and dropped the nearest. The smoke had not cleared away from my piece, when a terrific volley was poured in upon us, accompanied with appalling yells, as it might be from a thousand throats, and at the same instant I saw Indians springing out from their covers in every direction and rushing down upon us in overwhelming numbers. Instinctively I turned to fly, and stumbled over the dead body of the comrade with whom I had been conversing. He had been shot through the temples, and was the first wounded man I saw on that fatal day.

"As we fell back upon the militia close behind us, they in the wildest alarm discharged their pieces at the approaching savages, and then turned and fled for their lives through the little hollow back to the main camp. Many of them never reached there; for by this time the Indians were out on all sides, pouring in a rapid fire, and following up their advantage with the murderous tomahawk and scalping-knife—screeching the while with such an appalling effect, that I believe some of our men thus became bewildered, stupefied and lost, who otherwise might have escaped.

"As for myself, I had some very narrow chances of never being able to tell my adventures. Though a pretty good runner, I had been singled out by an ambitious young warrior, who, in a race of two hundred yards, got so near to me, that, with a good reach of his arm, he might have sunk his tomahawk in the back of my head without quitting his hold. A glance over my shoulder showed him in the act of striking, and instinctively I threw myself down to avoid the blow. As fortune would have it, he struck his foot against one of mine and pitched headlong over me, his weapon flying from his grasp. Before he could recover himself, I was upon him, and actually drove my hunting-knife through his throat, severing his jugular.

"As I again sprung to my feet, I beheld three other savages close at hand, bounding toward me with yells of rage. I had no hope of escaping from them; but still I turned and ran, straining every nerve to its utmost. Fortunately they were not as fleet-footed as the one I had killed, and, to my unspeakable joy, I soon found I was gaining on them. As each carried a gun in his hand, and as I had thrown mine away in my first race, this probably gave me some advantage. Seeing they could not overtake me, they suddenly stopped, and one of them, probably the only one whose piece was loaded, took a deliberate aim and fired. The ball sung loudly in my ear, the outer portion of which felt as if touched with a live coal. I put up my hand, and found a small portion of it had been carried away.

"As I neared the creek I discovered another small party of Indians in front of me; and, turning short off to the left, I crossed the stream at a bend some thirty or forty rods higher up, and, making a broad circuit, came into camp upon the right.

"Here I found a scene of the wildest confusion and most painful nature. Some two or three hundred women and children were collected together in a state of excitement bordering on distraction. Some were running to and fro, wringing their hands and shrieking out their terrors; some were standing speechless, statues of horror, with hands clasped and eyes fixed upon the not very distant scene of strife; some were kneeling and calling on Heaven for protection; some were sobbing and groaning in each other's arms; and several had swooned from fright and lay upon the ground as if dead.

"I did not stop here—not even to answer the questions that fifty eager voices put to me—but hurried on to the front, where the battle was already raging with fury. As yet I had no rifle; but I soon supplied myself with one from the side of an old comrade who had been shot through the heart; and thinking I could do quite as well alone as by attaching myself to any company, I hastened to a tree that looked favorable for my purpose, and began to load and fire as fast as I could—not at random, but with an aim that brought down a savage at nearly every shot.

"I wish I could describe that battle; but I have not the power. As I look back to it now, it seems like a wild horrible dream, in which whites and savages, friends and foes, were all mixed up together in mad confusion, crossing and recrossing each other, and melting away in smoke, fire and blood, amid groans, shouts, yells, shrieks, the clashing of steel and cracking of fire-arms, all blended into one loud, continuous roar, with a sensation of bewildered, half-stupefied living in danger, as if being drawn up from the foaming breakers over an awful precipice by a slender cord.

"I fired eleven shots, and had the grim satisfaction of seeing nine savages go down before my aim, four of them within ten feet of me. While loading the twelfth time, a ball struck my right wrist and shivered the bone. I dropped down on the ground and bound up my wound as well as I could; and then, finding I could be of no further use where I was, I started for the rear, feeling weak and faint. I had eaten nothing that morning, which was the case with nearly all of the army. On my way to the centre of the camp I met parties running in all directions, looking pale and frightened, and passed over numerous dead bodies, some of them scalped, presenting horrid spectacles, and proving that many of the Indians had been that way before me. Here and there, too, some wounded soldier called to me and begged for help and water; but as I could do nothing for them, I hurried on. When I came in sight of the spot where the women and children had been collected, I beheld a large body of Indians busy at their work of slaughter, and I turned off in another direction and ran down to the road. Here I was so fortunate as to catch a horse that had lost his rider, and with a good deal of difficulty I succeeded in mounting him. There were many fugitives running on the road ahead of me, and I rode on after them, passing some in my flight. In this way I escaped before the order for retreat was given, and was spared the painful sight of seeing the whole army in flight, with the victorious savages in hot pursuit, butchering at every step.

"I succeeded in reaching Fort Jefferson, twenty-seven miles distant from the battle-field, in a conscious condition, but fainted as soon as I found myself in a place of safety. The remnant of the army got in about dark, and nothing was heard that night but sounds of lamentation and woe. Subsequently my arm was amputated, and my career as a soldier ended with that disastrous day, which cost the country the lives of more than a thousand gallant men, besides the awful butchery of two or three hundred women and children. Oh, woful, woful day!"

MURDER MOST FOUL!

BY [illegible] WATSON.

The first time I ever saw Mr. Christian Driggs I was especially attracted by the mild philanthropy that beamed from his face, and I said to myself, "Happy is the man—or woman either—that owns Mr. Christian Driggs for a friend."

Mr. Christian was a grocer.

I became somewhat of an admirer of Mr. Christian Driggs, and, as a consequence, oftentimes made it a business to drop in on my upward or downward way to business, and order the necessary butter, tea, coffee, etc., for home consumption. During these visits Mr. Christian was always eminently conversational, and sometimes particularly entertaining.

"That's a fearful murder, sir!" said Mr. Christian D[illegible], one morning as I entered his establish[illegible]. "Horrible affair, sir! It's to be hoped the police will secure the ruffian."

"What is it?" was my interested query, for I had heard nothing.

"Awful affair, sir!" resumed Mr. Christian Driggs with a smirk of satisfaction, which was perfectly natural and allowable, considering that he was first in the reception of news that I, a professional newspaper man, had failed to hear. "Perfectly horrid, sir! Man murdered his wife and three small children. Very interesting family. Knew 'em all, sir. Live just round the corner. Customers of mine. Went round to see the room this morning, sir. Horrible sight, I assure ye."

Here was a sensation at once. Mr. Christian Driggs had actually been to see a real murdered family, a sight I had never yet had the pleasure of witnessing. Is there any wonder that I instantly brought a cross-examination to bear on Mr. D——, and soon elicited the fact that his official influence with the policeman on duty at the scene of the tragedy—that gentleman being also a customer of Mr. D.'s—had given him admittance to the interesting sight, and that the same influence could be exerted in my favor, an offer I immediately accepted, and was soon gazing upon the scene in company with Mr. Christian Driggs.

The room was a dark, gloomy apartment in a tenant house, a spot to which I much doubt if the sun ever penetrated; and there, arrayed in all their ghastly horror, lay the four dead, just as they had come from the hands of the people who had prepared them for the grave, after passing under the inspection of the Coroner. I gazed about the place in terror and disgust, and then into the face of my guide. We were alone in the room, the undertaker had retired as we entered, and perhaps it was this sense of isolation, with only Mr. D—— and the dead, that led me to think that upon the face of that respectable grocer there was an expression of greater significance than I had yet beheld when he stood behind the counter. I was uncomfortable and wished to get away; but at that very moment, as though divining my thought, Mr. D—— seized my arm and held me fast, while he whispered in my ear:

"Did you know that I once committed murder?"

Heavens! did I know it? How should I know it? How did I know but he might be the slaughterer of those that now lay before me, and had beguiled me thither that he might add one more to the list of his victims before the unerring foot of justice should overtake him. All this rushed like lightning through my brain; but I spoke nothing but a flattering "no!" in answer to his question.

"Then I'll tell you all about it; but let us get out of this awful place. It makes me sick."

I was only too glad to escape from the presence of the murdered even though I went forth with a murderer.

"I am not able just now," he said, as we reached the door, "to tell you my story; but if you'll come round to-night, and take a cup of tea with Mrs. Driggs and me, I'll tell you all about it."

I went away, hardly intending to accept of Mr. Christian Driggs' invitation; but all that day I could not shake the matter out of my mind. In fact, I was anxious to hear what murder could have been committed by so mild a man as my grocer friend, and the result of my thinking and guessing was that I was on hand that evening at Mr. Christian Driggs' house—over the store—to hear the confession of a murder.

I am afraid I did not do justice to Mrs. D.'s excellent tea, hot biscuit and broiled ham, through anxiety; nevertheless, our meal was ended, and while Mrs. D. was clearing away below, her husband and myself were together above stairs.

"I needn't preliminize," said Mr. Driggs, dashing at once into the very heart of the matter, "but I shall commence my story at the beginning, and conceal nothing. When I was about fourteen or fifteen, I was certainly a very bad boy. I was living at home, but I could see no joy in domestic quiet. My father was a strict man, very strict; but now, as years have crept on, for what I am about to relate occurred thirty years ago, I feel very sure he was not too strict. I do not know that I had any especial fault but that of fighting. Don't stare, sir; of course I know it isn't my present style, but it was those days, and I am just as much astonished when I think of it as anybody else can be. The truth was, that I fought with every boy in the neighborhood, no matter what his size; and as my father was a man of peace, and stood high in the meeting, it followed that my pugnacity was something that gave him great uneasiness.

"One day I had openly announced my intention to fight a certain neighbor's son, wherever I might meet him, and the announcement met my father's ears, and was quickly followed by his declaration that if I did so I might expect, for a certainty, a thrashing from him in return. The threat did not deter me, and that evening I thrashed and was thrashed in return. I was mad with excitement, and after the infliction was over, rushed from the house, swearing audibly that I would never return. All the money I had was less than half a dollar, and with this, after walking the streets till nearly midnight, I found my way to a miserable lodging house, situated on one of the streets running down to the Hudson river, and everybody that knows New York knows that some of those lodging houses are especially miserable. There, for the sum of two shillings, all told, I was furnished with a wretched supper, and a still more wretched bed in a hole which they called a room, and which had only this merit, that I was left alone to myself. On this wretched couch I tossed wildly about, at one moment denouncing all mankind, at another almost resolving on sending myself out of the world and so end the agony I was in. In fact, so far did I carry this last idea, that I drew from my pocket a large clasp knife, and laid it on the floor beside me, ready for use when my courage should reach the sticking point.

"I think it must have been nearly morning, when my head was burning with a red hot madness, that a noise commenced in the next room to me. Room, I call it, though if like mine, it was merely a den of eight feet by ten, divided off with a single partition of boards. At first it sounded like two persons struggling silently, but by and by I could hear curses and blows, that fell with the heavy thud so peculiar to the sound of the fist upon flesh. This roused all my passion, and I strained my eyes to the chinks between the boards that I might see the brutal work going on, but there was no light whatever. The blows came heavier, and were accompanied with groans, and repeated oaths, until I shivered between an agony of terror and a desire to wreak my wild passions upon whoever was disturbing my solitude. I beat with the handle of my knife upon the boards, but still the noise grew worse, occasionally ceasing or receding, and then once more coming directly over the spot where the head of my wretched couch touched the partition, and a heavy body would be thrown so as to make the weak boards tremble. I could stand it no longer, and with one desperate howl of rage, I threw myself against the planks, and gave as I did so a wild thrust with my knife. The blade struck the weak and rotten wood, and went through clear up to the handle without resistance, breaking a hole that sent my hand through after the blade and made me conscious that something warm and wet covered both hand and knife. With an instinct of horror I sprang away from the spot and toward the twelve-inch aperture that answered for a window, and let in a most limited light from an alley, and held up knife and hand to its pane. It was blood, fresh, warm and reeking, covering my hand to the wrist, and running down in trickles to my sleeve and breast. I stood for an instant stricken with awe, and was conscious of a low, fearful death moan, growing fainter and fainter, and even as I stood, straining my ears, it ceased altogether, and there was utter silence. Then I knew that I was a murderer, and a cold, shuddering fear fell all over me, making me in a few moments as frozen as I had before been burning. Now what must I do? I could not await there the morning light, to be hanged before a gaping crowd within a few weeks.—No! And without caring whither I went, I stole out of the loathesome hole, and into the street. I had thrown down the knife on the floor as soon as I discovered the blood, and now, with a dumb, stupid terror, I hurried on through street after street, hiding my gory hand under my half unbuttoned vest, until the constraint of the position cramped me with pain. All that day, without food, I crouched beneath a wood pile upon one of the wharves, shivering at every sound; but hunger, when the night came, drove me forth. With the few cents I had remaining I sought a baker's, and with my bloody hand thrust still farther beneath my vest, and extending my money with the other, I asked bread. There was no one to pay immediate attention to my request; the man behind the counter was too busy discussing something to which at first I paid no heed, so absorbed was I in the thought of appeasing my hunger, but which, when I did hear, every word burnt in upon my very brain. It was of a murder that had been committed the night before at a low lodging house in a neighboring street; a man sent into eternity by a knife thrust in the dark, and the perpetrator escaped. I waited transfixed until I heard that the victim was dead, and then with a groan of horror I staggered toward the door. At that instant a burly boatman was entering with a basket, and with blind fury I rushed upon him, and with the natural effort to save myself from falling, I drew out my bloody hand, and stretched it before me. It was too late then for concealment, and before I knew what had occurred I was in the clutches of the baker and had confessed myself the murderer of the night before.

"That night I slept in a prison cell, better by far than the lodging of the night before, and the next day, surrounded by my father and relatives, was examined on the charge of murder. I made a full and free confession, when the staggering fact came out that my murder had been committed at least three streets from the one for which I was arrested, and in another hour, by sending for the keeper of the lodging house where I had stayed, the whole fearful mystery was unrivalled. The room, or den, I had occupied adjoined a place where calves were stowed, tied by the legs as they were brought from the tow boats at the wharf to await the coming of the butchers in the morning. On the morning of my flight one of these poor animals was found dead in this place from a knife-thrust done through the boards from the lodging house, and the butcher to whom it belonged had clamored loudly for payment from the keeper, who laid all the responsibility on his departed lodger, myself.

"My father paid for the calf, and I returned home a sadder and more subdued boy, and from that day, sir, I think I have never had an inclination to commit another murder. At all events, this is the only one I ever did commit."

"Thank you, Mr. Driggs."

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE OUTLAW'S BRIDE," "THE WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SHIPWRECK.

We must now go back to the time of Vernor's embarkation on the Sally Ann.

After the first fury of his disappointment subsided, he found means to ingratiate himself with the commander of the vessel, for although the commoner class of prisoners were treated with the utmost rigor, Captain Sutton felt some compassion for a well-born and gently nurtured man on whom so degrading a punishment had been inflicted. Vernor also loudly proclaimed the fraud which had been practised upon him, and a latent sense of justice in the breast of the captain caused him to feel that the treatment he had received was unworthy of an English judge, however brutal or degraded in character he might be.

For a few hours Vernor was placed in the dark and noisome hold, which was so crowded with human beings that there was not even room for all to lie down at one time. Many of the prisoners were already suffering from sickness, and before the voyage was half-finished a third of their number had perished of privation and confinement.

When the ship was fairly at sea, the captain sent down an order for Vernor Methurn to be brought before him, and he gladly followed the messenger, for already he found it difficult to breathe in the fœtid atmosphere below.

Captain Sutton, a bluff, red-faced man, with a stern expression, but some kindness of heart, was pacing the deck when he came up; he nodded to his captive and said:

"My orders are very strict, Mr. Methurn, and until we were out of sight of land I was forced to put you below. But now I am master of my own craft, I take on myself the responsibility of removing you from the companionship of those poor devils down there. You're a gentleman, I once knew your father, and I was sorry to see his son brought to such a pass as to herd with common felons."

"As to that, captain, those men have only been guilty of the same crime which I have committed," replied Vernor. "But I do not thank you the less for taking compassion on me. I could not have lived twenty-four hours in that horrible den, and it is my belief that the whole lot will perish before we reach our destination."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps even that is better than the fate that awaits them at the end of the voyage. I cannot help them; if they were allowed the freedom of the vessel they would rise against my crew and overpower us. You see I only confine them in self-defence; but I risk nothing in freeing one man from his bondage. When we reach Jamaica I will make efforts to place you with a friend of mine, who will treat you with consideration. Do you understand accounts sufficiently to make yourself useful to a commercial man?"

"Yes—I have a good knowledge of them; for, as you already know, I acted as secretary to Monmouth."

"That is enough; Pedrazza will be glad to secure your services, and if you understand French and Spanish, in addition to your own language, you will be of inestimable service to him."

"I thoroughly understand French, and have some knowledge of Spanish. In a few months I can make myself master of it, if it is necessary to do so."

At that moment Vernor would have promised anything to secure the good-will of the captain, for he had a vision of plantation life, of exposure to the pestilential climate which must soon undermine a European constitution; but this was a very different thing. If he could take the place of a clerk in a commercial house, he might possibly gain the regard of his master, and in time regain his freedom; though he had many doubts as to his ability to apply himself to the labor that would be required of him.

The captain nodded and smiled, well pleased at the prospect of getting a competent clerk for his partner in a snug smuggling business, at a trifling cost to them, for the prisoners were not expected to bring more than ten or fifteen pounds each to the rapacious man who had doomed them to such a fate.

After exacting from Vernor a promise that he would not attempt to communicate with his companions in misfortune, he ordered the irons with which his ankles were secured to be knocked off, and assigned him a bunk near that of his first-mate. He dared not invite him to his own table, lest his under-officers should grumble at this distinction, which was only extended to his first-lieutenant, but he furnished him much better food than that which was doled out to the other prisoners.

The voyage proved very tempestuous, and but for skilful seamanship the crazy old vessel must have gone to the bottom long before she did. Vernor suffered little from sea-sickness, and when the weather permitted, he daily took exercise upon the deck. Thus his strength was preserved, and when the Sally Ann drew near Jamaica he felt as well as he had ever done in his life.

Late in the evening of a day that had been comparatively calm, light clouds were observed gathering over the horizon, and the captain examined them through his weather-glass, afraid of one of those sudden squalls to which those tropical waters are subject. He ordered every effort to be made to gain the port of Kingston before the gale came on, but all the exertions of the sailors were unavailing.

In half-an-hour the wind had risen to a storm, the wretched craft refused to obey the helm, and she soon drifted at the mercy of the waves. She was driven on a reef of rocks, and the experienced eye of her commander saw that her hour had come, that those who would save themselves must lose not a moment in getting away from the fated vessel.

The long-boat, the only one save a small cockle-shell which was hoisted on the stern of the ship, was hurriedly got out, and such articles of value as the captain was most anxious to save were thrown into it. The crew, amounting to twenty men, next crowded in, and Vernor was left standing alone upon the deck. The boat was already loaded to the water's edge, and the sailors fiercely refused to permit one of the prisoners to endanger their safety by attempting to overcrowd it.

The captain would have made an effort to save him, but in that moment of peril he was overruled by his insubordinate men, and he could only shout back through his speaking-trumpet:

"Cut loose the small-boat; it may keep you from drowning, and some vessel may pick you up."

His words were lost in the howling of the wind, above which arose the wild cries of the imprisoned wretches who had been thus abandoned to their fate. Vernor shuddered at the howls of despair which made even the raging elements seem trifling in comparison with the tornado of human passion that surged below.

"I will at least unclose their prison," he muttered. "Even if it is done at the risk of my own life."

In the dimness of gathering twilight Vernor groped his way to the hold, unclosed the entrance, and a crowd of ghastly, worn men rushed out, in spite of the manacles that confined their lower limbs. But the most of them sunk down in despair when they reached the deck and saw the leaden sky, and the roaring waves dashing in foam upon the rocky ledge which had wrecked them.

One powerfully-made man, emaciated almost to a skeleton, managed to keep his footing, and with gleaming eyes he drew near Vernor, and asked:

"Must we die like dogs? Is there no chance to escape?"

"For you and me, perhaps, there may be; for you have nerve to attempt it, but the rest must perish."

"Then point out the way. I have strength enough left to help myself, in spite of my long imprisonment in that horrible den."

"Come with me, then, and say nothing to the others."

With difficulty he made his way to the stern of the vessel, closely followed by the man. The boat was still in its place unimpaired, and a wild laugh burst from the prisoner.

"Oh, ho! we'll balk them yet. The devils that would have made slaves of us, and the sea that would swallow us up, shall neither of them get their prey. The gale is subsiding, and the boat, slight as it is, will serve our turn till some vessel sees us and picks us up."

While he was speaking he released the boat from its fastenings with a practised hand, and then said to Vernor:

"Take your place in it, for you are no seaman; I was one once; and at the last moment, when the timbers of the old craft part, I will spring into it and push off from the wreck. It will be easy for me to do it, for I have managed to rid myself of my irons long ago. Hold fast to the oars, for if we lose them we shall be lost."

Vernor obeyed his directions with alacrity, for he saw that a few more moments must decide the fate of the ship; and on their nerve and courage their safety must depend.

The wind lulled almost as simultaneously as it had arisen; but the last blast that passed over the Sally Ann proved her death wail. She was lifted by it, and thrown with such force against the rocks that the rotten timbers broke apart with a crash, and the cry that went up to heaven from the drowning creatures within her must have appalled the stoutest heart.

At the critical moment, the companion of Vernor sprang into the boat, seized an oar and pushed her clear of the wreck. The sea was still fearfully agitated, but there was no immediate danger, for the boat, though small, seemed strongly built; but it was a forlorn chance of safety that remained to them, thrown thus upon the wide ocean without chart or compass; destitute of food, and in the neighborhood of those who would seize and convey them back to captivity if they fell in their power.

"We must stop and see if any one rises to the surface," said Vernor's companion, hoarsely. "We can save some of them perhaps, and I cannot let a man perish when I can help him."

"We had better get out of danger ourselves," said Vernor. "A sudden clutch upon this shell made by a drowning man may overturn it and destroy us all."

"True—we will get beyond that danger; but if one rises I shall go to him at any risk to myself."

While he spoke he used his oar on a comparatively smooth surface of water, and then pausing, looked anxiously over the rapidly darkening waters. Not a head appeared—heavily ironed as they were, how could they rise. In that brief moment near one hundred souls had gone to their account, and the dashing waves and sullen winds wailed their sad requiem above them.

With a heavy sigh the man drew his hand across his eyes and said:

"They are all gone, and maybe they are happier than you and I; for we may perish of hunger and thirst. Yet hard as our fate is, it is better than the other one they would have given us. Your name I know is Methurn, for I heard it called the day you were taken from among us, so much for being born a gentleman. What was considered good enough for us was not considered good enough for you. But I shan't quarrel with you on that score, for you have proved yourself a friend to me in my extremity. My name is Lithgow."

"You speak like an educated man and a gentleman yourself," said Vernor. "Many such have had no mercy shown them in this rebellion."

"No—I am not what you would call a gentleman. My father was a respectable mechanic and such education as I have I have gained by my own efforts. I have been a sailor; afterwards a trader, and I was in a flourishing business when Monmouth landed and proclaimed religious freedom. My family are dissenters; my brother was a preacher among them, and he died in a dungeon for no other crime than preaching the gospel as he understood it. A cousin shared a similar fate for a less offence, but he was stern and uncompromising in his faith. Do you wonder now that I took up arms in the cause of the Protestant Duke?"

"I do not. We can both only regret it, since our efforts have resulted so disastrously to ourselves."

"No—I don't regret it," was the fierce response. "If it was to do over again I would do it, and there are in England thousands like me who will yet make a successful stand against the tyrant that rules them, not as subjects, but as slaves. The very cruelties that have been inflicted on the followers of Monmouth, will bring forth bitter fruits of repentance to James. I only wish we had waited till the right man came."

"I do not know who he can be."

"*God* knows. He will uphold his cause when the hour comes, and, mark my words—*it will come*. It will surely come, for the Lord will not permit the righteous to be trampled down forever."

While these words were exchanged, the boat had floated almost at the mercy of the waves, for the only effort the two men made was to keep her clear of the wreck, and prevent her from drifting upon the rocks which had proved fatal to the ship. With the lull of the wind the sea became gradually calmer, and the parting clouds showed glimpses of the clear sky with the everlasting stars circling in serene majesty above them.

Vernor looked over the darkening waters with a troubled gaze, but his companion raised his eyes to the vast concave above, and in lifting his heart to the contemplation of its majesty, sought to forget the gnawing pangs of hunger from which he had seldom been free for many days past, for the rations doled out to the prisoners were barely sufficient to sustain life.

The full tropical moon showed its broad disc above the world of waters around them, for by this time they had drifted far out to sea; the only remains of the late storm was the heavy ground swell that usually follows a violent commotion of the elements, but this gradually subsided, and toward midnight Lithgow laid aside the oar with which he had steered the boat, and said:

"My strength is exhausted, for it is many hours since I have eaten anything. I must sleep, and try and forget the cravings of hunger. If we are not soon rescued, I shall die from inanition."

Vernor drew forth a ship biscuit which he had hitherto forgotten, and divided it with him. He said:

"This was a portion of my dinner, and luckily I thrust it in my pocket. I think some vessel must overhaul us before we are reduced to extremity."

"We are in the hands of God, and if He has further work for us to do on this earth, He will save us. If not, we shall go to Him."

Vernor said nothing in reply, and after eagerly devouring the small morsel, Lithgow then sang one of the hymns familiar to the Dissenters, and in spite of his weakness, his fine toned voice rang out clear and thrilling over the watery waste on which they were drifting. He then prayed aloud for deliverance from the perils that surrounded them, and ended by saying in devout tones:

"Even in this extremity I bow to the majesty of thy power, oh Lord, and say, in sincerity of heart, 'not my will, but thine be done.'"

Vernor listened to this outpouring with more surprise than reverence. He could not comprehend the source of this man's submission, and if he had prayed at all he would have assaulted Heaven with demands to be rescued from the dangers that encompassed him.

When Lithgow lay down, Vernor took charge of the boat, and he vainly cast his weary eyes in every direction, in the hope that some approaching sail might be seen glittering in the moonlight. But morning dawned without so welcome a vision arising on his solitary vigil, and as the first beams of the sun fell upon the wasted face of his companion, he unclosed his eyes, and started up.

"Where am I?" he wildly asked. "Who are you? and what has happened? Oh! I remember now. I dreamed that I was at *home!* a place I shall never, never see again. My child was weeping and rejoicing over me, when I awoke to find myself a shipwrecked, starving outcast. Oh! this is hard to bear, in spite of my faith in God!"

He covered his face with his hands, and hot tears rained through his trembling fingers. Vernor made no attempt to soothe him; he was in a wretched state of mind himself, and had no sympathy to spare for the woes of another. He said:

"I must sleep in my turn now. You were more exhausted than I, for you are weaker, and you labored more than I did to get the boat out of danger, therefore it was your right to take rest first."

"Sleep in God's name, and may it refresh and strengthen you, since food is denied us."

Vernor lay down in the bottom of the boat, and sheltered his face as well as he could from the fierce beams of the sun, while Lithgow steered, and watched for the appearance of a sail. The long hours of the day passed on; the scorching sun poured its ardent rays upon their unsheltered heads, and both were glad when it at last sunk into the bosom of the sea.

Another long and dreary night passed they scarcely knew how, for the pangs of hunger and thirst had now become almost unendurable. Toward dawn Lithgow spoke to his companion, in a hollow tone:

"You are younger and stronger than I am, and you may live till some vessel passes and finds you, but I feel that I cannot endure much more. Should you be rescued, send to my daughter, who lives in Lyme, the news of my death. Her name is Jessie; and if you ever *return to England, I pray you to see her and tell her that my last thought was of her.*"

"I promise to do so; but a strong man like you should not so soon despair. Do not talk of dying yet."

"Yes—I was strong once, but my late sufferings have broken me down. This thirst that consumes me must be sated at any cost. I must drink the sea-water, for I can no longer refrain, though I know it will produce delirium that must end in death."

"But that will be a suicidal act. Since you know the consequences, you should abstain from gratifying your thirst."

"I will still make the effort to do so: like Tantalus, I must see the tempting element spread everywhere around me, yet not bring it to my parched lips. Oh, Father! give endurance to thy sorely tried disciple."

He bowed his head in mute prayer, which was interrupted by an exclamation from Vernor:

"There is a dark object in line with the rising sun which must be a vessel."

Lithgow started up, shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked keenly in the direction indicated.

"It is—it is a sail! We shall yet be saved! Oh God! I thank thee," and he fell upon his knees with tears streaming from his eyes.

When he became calmer he drew off his coat, fastened it to the oar, and raised it aloft as a signal. The tiny speck on the horizon increased gradually in size till the hull of a large ship became visible. For half an hour she bore down toward them; but, just as their hopes were assuming the phase of certainty, she changed her course, and passed so far from them that so small an object as the boat was unnoticed from her deck. Lithgow sank down, huskily muttering:

"It was my last hope; we are forsaken of God and man. Let us resign ourselves to our fate."

He drew in his oar, folded his arms, and remained in a state of quiet apathy, from which Vernor could not arouse him, though he made many feeble efforts to do so, for he felt weak and hopeless himself, and he began to think it would have been better to risk captivity in Jamaica than to perish in this miserable manner.

Another day of inexpressible suffering beneath that torrid sun, and at its close Vernor lay in a state of semi-consciousness, while a fierce delirium had seized on his companion. In one of its paroxysms, he dipped his cap in the sea and drank a long draught of the briny water. This only increased the raging thirst that was consuming him, and he raved more wildly than before of his home—his daughter, and the cruel severities to which he had been subjected. Suddenly he cried out:

"A shark is following in our wake. He has come for his prey; he knows we are doomed. Get up, I say, and help me fight the monster."

Vernor made a few feeble efforts to stir, but sunk back powerless, and with his last remaining strength Lithgow seized the oar and struck at the huge sea-monster. In the effort he lost his balance, fell overboard, and sank to rise no more.

The boat drifted through the night, but Vernor was past caring what befel himself. He lay unconscious of the flight of time, of the drenching dews of night, of the scorching rays of the sun. This was the third day he had been without food, and unless relief speedily came nature could not much longer sustain the vital power within his exhausted frame.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TIMELY SUCCOR.

Lying beside the pier at Kingston was a gaily decorated pleasure yacht, from the mast of which a white flag floated. The Sylvie belonged to a wealthy planter of Barbadoes, who often made excursions in it, accompanied by his daughter, a young girl who had been educated in France, and a year before this time had returned to the paternal roof in her native island.

The Sylvie was named for its young mistress, who cherished a passionate fondness for the sea, and enjoyed these excursions with a zest peculiar to her vivid temperament. M. Menard, her father, was a cold man to others, but he was as wax in the hands of the resolute and fearless Sylvie.

She wished to visit Jamaica, and he came hither, accompanied her to every accessible spot of interest in the island, and then remained in Kingston as long as her capricious fancy led her to stay. Suddenly she grew weary of the place, and orders were issued to have the yacht in readiness at an early hour on the following morning.

Before the sun arose the young creole was on board in the luxurious cabin which had been fitted up for her use. But she did not long remain below; fresh and bright as the morning, she ascended to the deck to look back upon the island they were leaving crowned with the verdant beauty of the tropics, and her doting father gazed upon the brilliant loveliness of his daughter with wonder and pride.

Sylvie was tall and stately, with that exquisite symmetry of person for which the women of mixed blood are noted; for she was the daughter of a quadroon mother and a European father, and she inherited the strong passions of the two races from which she sprang.

Her complexion was soft as the leaf of the magnolia blossom without its creamy fairness; and a faint tinge of olive harmonized with her flashing black eyes and rippling raven hair. Her arms and hands were models of beauty, and as she moved across the deck her stately presence seemed to command the homage of all that looked upon her.

At the stern of the little vessel was a sheltered seat prepared for her use, and sinking upon it with the indolent grace of the creole, she commanded a negro girl who followed her steps to serve her breakfast there, as it was not her pleasure to take it in the cabin.

Her father, a thin cadaverous Frenchman, with a dark skin which the climate seemed to have tanned almost into leather, drew near her and spoke:

"Will you let me eat alone then?"

"Not unless you choose, *mon pere*. This heavenly morning must not be wasted below. The sea is as smooth as a mirror, and the yacht flies upon her course with scarcely a perceptible motion. It will be pleasant to take our morning meal in this soft air; the awning will protect us from the intrusive rays of the sun. Come, father, order it to be spread here—it is my fancy."

"And therefore must be indulged," he replied, with a fond smile. "Well, let it be so; it will be more agreeable here than in the cabin."

Sylvie smiled triumphantly, and the order was given in accordance with her wishes. A small table was brought up, over which a snowy napkin was spread, and upon it was placed the usual déjeuner of a Frenchman in the tropics—fruits of several varieties, bread and butter, and a bottle of claret.

On this simple but delicious fare the father and daughter breakfasted, and the service was removed to give place to Mademoiselle's portfolio, in which she attempted to sketch some of the most striking points of the scenery.

Her efforts did not meet with much success, for she started up every few moments to survey the ocean and watch the sparkling waves as they broke into foam in their wake. Dinner *was served below, and to that she descended, as the sun had become unpleasantly warm. Then came her siesta, from which she arose as the sun was setting, as a goddess from her* bath of beauty. She arranged her coquettish toilette as carefully as if the critical eyes of strangers were to fall upon her, for Sylvie appreciated her marvellous beauty, and took the utmost pains to set it off to advantage.

Her silky hair fell in long glittering curls beneath a scarlet bandeau woven through the glossy braids at the back of her head with consummate skill; her dress was of some brilliantly colored material that harmonized with her style, for Sylvie was an artiste in dress, and she spared no expense to procure the richest fabrics that could be worn in the climate of which she was a native.

When she again joined her father on deck, the long line of golden glory which follows a tropical sunset was flushing the waves with their red and amber hues. Sylvie looked with delight upon the wide expanse of water, for her untameable soul revelled in the sense of freedom felt upon the chainless deep.

Her vision was remarkably keen, and she presently detected a dark object floating upon the illuminated waters. She pointed it out to her father, who said:

"It is only a log, my child, such as Columbus saw when he drew near the coast of San Salvador. They are often found floating in these waters."

Sylvie gave another long look at the object which had excited her interest. She presently said:

"That is certainly a small boat. I can see the outline of it with my naked eye. Borrow Captain Pierre's glass and examine it, I entreat."

Her entreaty sounded as a command, and Menard obtained the glass at once. He too made out a boat lying at the mercy of the waves, but it was out of their course, and he was unwilling to make a detour, as he believed to no purpose. He slowly said:

"I see it, but there can be no one in it. It will delay our voyage too much to steer toward it."

She fixed her eyes almost fiercely upon him:

"Fie, father! how do you know that no one is in it? We had a gale lately, in which we know that at least one vessel went down, and that boat probably has in it some poor wretch rescued from drowning, only to perish of hunger. We must go to his assistance."

"But there is no signal flying. If the boat is tenanted there would be some token by which we should know it."

"The helpless creature in it may be too weak to put one up. He may be watching us now with eager eyes, and half-despairing heart. I *must* see what is in that boat, so order the captain to steer toward it."

With a gesture of resignation, her father obeyed the imperious mandate, and the course of the yacht was changed at once. The young girl, with eager curiosity, leaned over the side of the vessel, and watched their approach to the object which so vividly interested her.

When they approached sufficiently near, their speed was slackened, a boat was lowered, and two men rowed toward the frail craft in which lay the insensible Vernor. They grappled the boats together, and in a few moments were alongside of the larger vessel.

The stranger lay quite helpless, and after some delay he was lifted to the deck, and carried into the cabin. When Sylvie drew near and looked upon his pale face, she uttered an expression of dismay and astonishment. She breathlessly said:

"It is he! it is the strange cavalier of the cathedral who once saved my life! Oh! if we had left him to die, I should have had some terrible misfortune happen to me. What can be done to restore him? Oh, father! use all your skill to bring back life to him."

Menard, who had some knowledge of medicine, as most planters have, put her aside, and examined the condition of the stranger. He presently said:

"His heart beats strongly yet; he is only exhausted by exposure and want of food. A little wine will restore him to consciousness, and he will soon be able to take nourishment."

Vernor's locked and rigid lips were forced open, and the stimulating liquid soon acted on the vital powers that were only dormant. He unclosed his eyes, looked dreamily around him, and after a few moments made an effort to assume a sitting posture.

"Water—water!" he faintly murmured; "I die of thirst!"

A goblet of iced water was held to his parched lips by the hands of Sylvie, who snatched it from the attendant that brought it, and, weak as he was, a faint flush mounted to Vernor's cheeks as his dimmed eyes fell upon her. There was recognition in that glance; and with a joyful bound of her heart, the young Creole whispered to herself:

"He remembers me too; he knows me. Oh! if I had listened to my father, and left him to die of hunger, I should have lost the happiness of my life."

Poor girl! she little dreamed of all that was to flow from that meeting. How sad was the fate that threw Vernor Methurn again upon her life-path.

Through the efforts of those around him, he was soon sufficiently restored to partake of food, which, at first, was sparingly furnished to him; and by the following day Vernor was well enough to recline on deck, under the awning, in company with the planter and his daughter, to whom he explained as much of his late adventures as he deemed necessary.

He concealed the fact that he had been upon the prison ship, and merely stated that in consequence of being implicated in the late political disturbances in England, he had thought it best to leave that country. The vessel on which he sailed had been wrecked, and the only companion who escaped with him had subsequently fallen overboard in a paroxysm of frenzy, and been drowned.

Sylvie listened to his narrative with alternate tears and smiles. At its close she said:

"All is well that ends well. My debt to you, Monsieur, is but half cancelled. We will take you with us to our verdant isle, and perhaps the exile may there find inducements to cast his lot among us."

Vernor's eyes most eloquently said that a very powerful inducement was already found, and he replied:

"I am now a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and it does not matter much where my tent is pitched. You exaggerate the service I was once enabled to render you, Mademoiselle, but your gratitude is so grateful to me that I cannot refuse to accept it."

He referred to a casualty which had happened to Sylvie during her stay in France. She had accompanied her governess to evening mass in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, to which Vernor was attracted by the beauty of the music. He accidentally caught a glimpse of the radiantly beautiful face of the young Creole, and followed her from the church. Just as she issued from the door, a carriage dashed toward it borne by two powerful and frightened horses. They must have trampled her beneath their hoofs in their wild career, had not Vernor rushed forward and snatched her almost from under their feet and borne her half fainting into the cathedral.

When she recovered from her fright sufficiently to speak, she thanked him with a free*dom and eloquence which a young French girl would have been afraid to express, and, as he* gazed on her vivid beauty, Vernor felt that the ideal of his fancy was embodied in this passionate and enchanting girl. But he remembered the ties that already bound him; and when she asked his name that she might embalm it in her orisons to Heaven, he merely said:

"I am called Vernor. I am only a traveller, and I came hither to listen to the music, which I was assured is finer than that which is heard in Rome."

They parted after a few more words had been exchanged, for the elder lady soon ended a colloquy in which she thought her young companion had demonstrated her exuberant gratitude rather too freely. As they parted, Sylvie whispered a request for his address, which was promptly given; and a few days afterwards a small package was delivered at his lodgings, which, on opening, he found to contain an exquisitely painted miniature of the young girl he had saved, richly set in brilliants. A tiny note, written in a delicate, lady-like hand, accompanied it, in which he read these words:

> "MONSIEUR:—I send you the likeness of her you have saved from death, or mutilation—the last, in my estimation, infinitely worse than the first—that you may not forget my features. The precise code of manners which regulates young girls in this country I do not subscribe to, for, thank Heaven! I come from a land where more freedom is tolerated.
>
> "I am of tropical birth, and I am the spoiled darling of a wealthy man. Should fate ever lead you to Barbadoes inquire for Sylvie Menard, and every return which gratitude such as mine can render will be freely yours."

Vernor mused over this letter, gazed upon the brilliant face which accompanied it, recalled the stately grace of her form, the thrilling tones of her voice, and in his heart he execrated the bonds that bound him to Ethel. But for them he might have won this enchanting creature, who, in that brief interview, had more nearly touched his egotistical heart than any other woman he had ever seen.

Had he known where to seek her he would have made an effort to see her again, and during the few days of his stay in Paris he regularly attended mass at Nôtre Dame in the hope of meeting her again. But her governess had probably foreseen this ruse, and Sylvie's religious devotions were performed at another shrine.

Vernor carried with him the tiny case which held her miniature, and in all his subsequent wanderings it had never left him. When his garments had been examined in prison he had managed to conceal it in the meshes of his long hair, and the first time he was left alone with Sylvie he drew it from his breast and said:

"See how faithfully I have preserved this precious possession. It has been constantly worn next my heart as a talisman against evil."

"I regret that it had not more potent power," she replied, with flushed cheeks and glittering eyes; "for you seem to have been the sport of fortune since we last met."

"True—yet this blessed reunion could not have taken place but for those misfortunes. I recognize in them the power of fate in bringing together those who are destined to make earth a paradise to each other."

These words were breathed in low, earnest tones, and he looked eagerly upon her face to mark what impression they produced. Sylvie's eyes were not lowered beneath the passionate power of his. She looked searchingly into his with her dazzling orbs, and slowly said:

"It is too early to come to that conclusion yet. Fate is strong, but will is sometimes stronger, and I have one that has never yet been curbed. Should you prove all I have fancied you to be, then—perhaps—— But here comes my father to put an end to a conversation which, at present, can lead to nothing."

Menard paused as he was approaching them, to speak with one of the sailors, and Vernor spoke in low bitter tones:

"I am aware that it is a great presumption in a ruined, shipwrecked stranger, who is thrown upon your bounty, to address you thus. Pardon me, Mademoiselle, my feelings hurried me away; but I will transgress no more."

She quickly replied:

"You wilfully misunderstand me. My father is particular in some things, and at this early stage of our acquaintance he would not approve of—of—such conversation. You will become our honored guest; he will do all that lies in his power to place you in a position to restore your fortunes. Let us be only friends till you have won his confidence. Then ——"

She paused, and flashed her brilliant smile upon him as Menard joined them, and Vernor silently accepted the duty she assigned him.

He used his best efforts to gain the good opinion of the old Frenchman, and with his usual tact he soon succeeded. He spoke French fluently, and the heart of the planter was soon won by his praises of *la grande nation*, for Menard's national vanity was as great as if he had never forsaken his native land to seek his fortune in the colonies.

The yacht came safely to anchor in a small cove situated near Menard's plantation, and a group of negroes were already in waiting with a palanken to convey their young mistress to the house, which was about half a mile distant, on an elevation that overlooked the sea.

To Vernor, after his long absence from land, the tropical verdure and luxuriance of the vegetation were charming, and with the joyful elasticity of his temperament he bounded on shore, and walked lightly forward with Menard.

They approached the house through a winding avenue of orange trees loaded with blossoms and fruit, and the air was filled with the perfume of the delicate white flowers which peeped from the shining green foliage. Bellevue was named from the fine prospect it commanded of the sea; it was a long, low plantation house, irregularly built, with a latticed piazza extending the whole length of the front, over which wild jessamine and roses were trained in arches of verdant beauty.

A wide hall opened from the piazza, from which the different apartments were entered. The furniture was light and tasteful, and had been carefully selected with reference to the warm climate in which it was to be used. A hammock of sea-grass was suspended midway between the two doors of the hall, near which was an inlaid table, on which a lady's basket and some loose music were placed. The last was evidently appropriated by Sylvie, but the first was for the siesta of her father, for only in a hammock can one find repose during the heat of a tropical day.

As they entered the house, Menard warmly grasped the hand of Vernor, and welcomed him to its hospitality. He said:

"I am not a man of many words, Mr. Vernor, but I am glad of an opportunity to prove to you that I am not ungrateful for the service you once rendered my child. We will talk of business after you have been with us long enough to feel at home; perhaps I can then suggest to you something that you will like."

Vernor thanked him, and followed a sable page to the room already prepared for his use. Sylvie, in a fresh toilette, appeared at the supper table, which was spread over a wide sheltered gallery in the rear of the house, and the attendant nymphs had exercised their utmost skill to adorn the board in honor of her arrival. Every dish was wreathed with flowers, and an immense bouquet adorned the centre of the table.

Sylvie did the honors with bewitching grace, and when supper was over, she took occasion to welcome their guest to his future home. Vernor replied with a smile:

"It is a fair home, but I have no claims upon it beyond a few days of tolerance beneath its roof. I must seek some means of gaining a living, unused as I am to anything useful."

"Oh, my father has settled all that," she replied with animation. "He will open his plans to you as soon as you are ready to listen to him."

"The sooner he does so the better for me—for I shall be glad of any employment that will retain me near this enchanting paradise over which reigns an eve who might rival our first mother in attractiveness."

"That is a very gallant speech, and I reward it by telling you that you will have the option to remain with us, or to seek employment elsewhere."

"*You* cannot doubt my choice," he significantly said, and he followed M. Menard to the piazza on which he was established with his pipe. In the conversation that ensued, the planter unfolded a scheme he had to retain Vernor near him, which he was only too happy to accept.

For many years a nephew of the old man had resided at Bellevue, as agent for the plantations owned by his uncle. But Basil Menard had fallen desperately in love with his cousin, and at last, frightened by his violence at her refusal to marry him, Sylvie had insisted that her father should dismiss him from his service. It had been the business of Basil to purchase supplies for the places, keep the accounts, and look after the overseer who had the blacks in charge.

This vacant berth Vernor's new friend proposed to bestow on him, with a salary proportioned rather to his friendship for him, than to the actual services demanded. Basil had gone, they knew not whither, and the burden of business which Menard had borne several weeks was becoming excessively tiresome to him. When Vernor had expressed his grateful acceptance of a post he thought he might fill with respectable ability, the planter said:

"It's all settled, then. Don't talk about feeling, and all that nonsense. The work can be easily done, and the pay is good. You can go to Bridgetown to-morrow, and get a new outfit. Here is a quarter's salary in advance, and I will give you an order on my merchant for the plantation supplies."

He returned to the indulgence of his pipe, and Vernor strolled to the farther end of the piazza and joined Sylvie. Hour by hour his passion for her gained strength, and before it every restraint of principle vanished. The ties that fettered him would, he doubted not, be dissolved by the efforts of Ethel's friends to render her free, and love and fortune moved him to the acceptance of a brighter fate than he had lately hoped would ever be his.

Expatriated, impoverished as he was, he saw that this beautiful and nobly dowered girl would be his if he asked her hand, and he had no prejudices to overcome concerning the current of dark blood that mingled in her veins with the sanguine tide of her paternal race. She was lovely, intelligent and loving, and Vernor's heart went forth to meet hers with a passionate ardor he had not believed himself capable of feeling.

For the first time in his life he felt a genuine affection for some human being beside himself, and the coquettish wiles which nature taught the young creole, only added to the flame her bewildering attractions had inspired.

Menard was not quick of apprehension, and the destiny of his daughter was settled in those dreamy weeks which followed her return to Bellevue, while her unsuspecting father smoked his pipe, or lounged the hours away in his hammock, for the vivacious Frenchman had completely adopted the indolent habits of the people among whom he had so long lived.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

—Without friends, the world is but a wilderness.

ON SEEING A DROWNING MOTH.

BY ALICE CARY.

Poor little moth! thy summer sports were done,
Had I not happened by this pool to lie;
But thou hast pierced my conscience very sore
With thy vain flounderings, so come ashore
In the safe hollow of my helpful hand—
Rest thee a little on the warm, dry sand,
Then crawling out into the friendly sun,
As best thou mayest, get thy wet wings dry.

Ay, it has touched my conscience, little moth,
To see thy bright wings made for other use,
Haply for just a moment's chance abuse,
Dragging thee, thus, to death—yet am I loth
To heed the lesson, for I fain would lie
Along the margin of this water low
And watch the sunshine run in tender gleams
Down the gray elders—watch those flowers of light—
If flowers they be, and not the golden dreams
Left in her grassy pillows by the night—
The dandelions, that trim the shadows so,
And watch the wild flag, with her eyes of blue
Wide open for the sun to look into—
Her green skirts laid along the wind, and she,
As if to mar fair fortune wantonly,
Wading along the water, half her height.
Fain would I lie, with arms across my breast,
As quiet as yon wood-duck on her nest,
That sits the livelong day with ruffled quills,
Waiting to see the little yellow bills
Breach the white walls about them—would that I
Could find out some sweet charm wherewith to buy
A too uneasy conscience—then would rest,
Gather and fold me to itself; and last—
Forgetting the hereafter, and the past,
My soul would have the present for its guest,
And grow immortal.
So, my little fool,
Thou'rt back upon the water! Lord! how vain
The strife to save or man, or moth from pain
Merited justly—having thy wild way
To travel all the air, thou comest here
To try with spongy feet the treacherous pool—
Well, thou at least hast made one truth more clear—
Men make their fate, and do not fate obey.

FOREST ADVENTURES.—NO. 57.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

MORE HOG-HUNTING.—UNHORSED.

We eat supper with the potail of the village, and then returned to our bungalow, taking Malek and Abdalla along with us. We reached our quarters before dark, and after the horses had been cared for Abdalla was anxious to know why we preferred this place to the village.

"Because," said Darley, "I hope to trap some game here."

"Is it *burrah-shikar?*" asked the Shikaree.

"The game is big enough, and dangerous enough," replied the lieutenant; "but it is neither hogs nor tigers. There have been two men murdered near this place."

"*Inshalla!* Is it possible, Sahib?"

"Yes—murdered, robbed, and buried."

"*Abba!* It must be Thugs!"

"Do you think so, Abdalla?"

"Ho, Sahib, it would seem so," said the Shikaree, shuddering. "Two men of our village, who had money with them, are missing. *Inshalla!* if it should be the Thug!"

"We must find him if we can," responded Darley. "At all events, we will keep our eyes open."

I now understood why Phil. Darley wished to stick by the bungalow.

"My dear Colonel," he said to me, in answer to a question, "the Thugs are not entirely exterminated from India. For some three weeks past there have been rumors in Calcutta that a band of these stranglers were lurking upon our highways. There cannot be many of them; but even one of the demons is just one too many to live. I am sure that the death of the Greek merchant and his servant was the work of Thugs, and it is not impossible that we may fall in with them. If we do we may take them. And, if we take them, we shall find the game most profitable."

"I suppose the Government will pay a handsome reward?" said Abner.

"Yes," answered Darley.

"Then, by thunder, we'll look out for 'em!" And from that moment Abner was very anxious to catch a Thug.

When we awoke the next morning we found the rain falling in torrents, and we quickly made up our minds that we were housed for the day; so, after the horses had been fed, and we had eaten our breakfast, we sat down for a comfortable smoke.

I had not been acquainted with Philip Darley an hour before I discovered that he was a Freemason, and he had been equally observant of the signs of craftsmanship on my part; but we had never passed a word on the subject until the present occasion. As we sat there, sending forth the incense from our pipes, I asked Phil. where he was made a Mason. He told me, with much pride, that he had the honor of having been made in St. Mary's Chapel, of Edinburg; and he assured me that the records of that Lodge, there preserved, extended as far back as the year fifteen hundred and ninety-eight.

"Our friend Gilroy is one of us," said I.

"I was aware of it," remarked Phil., with a smile.

"By golly!" broke in Fitzeben, "I don't wonder 't ole Ben Gilroy got lugged into dat yer scrape; but I didn't s'pose Mas'r Kurn'l 'd stan' it, nohow."

"Why," said I, "what do you know about masonry?"

The old darkey shook his head strangely.

"Bress de Lord, I knows 'nuff. Ugh! I didn't t'ink any 'spectable man could go fro' wid dere 'founded frummery."

"But, my old Fitz., what do you know about it?"

"By golly, I knows jes' ALL 'bout it,—dat's a fac'."

"I should like to hear what you know."

"Ah, Mas'r Kurn'l, here's Mas'r Harry, an' Abner Jackson—I 'specs dey isn't Masons."

"Never mind them. I'll run all risks. You don't pretend to say that you are a Freemason."

"Not 'xactly, mas'r; but den I knows all 'bout it."

"How did you find it out?"

"Ah, dat's de secret. By golly, when I made dat 'portant discobery, I 'spected I'd be killed for sartin. I t'ink dey did hab mitey strong will to do it; but, ye see, dis yer chile war too well known. I'd 'a been missed, an' den somebody might 'a had to suffer."

By degrees Darley and I overcame the old darkey's objections, and he finally told us the following story:

"'Bout 'leben or ten years ago I lib'd in Rustfield, 'way up in de State ob Maine, an' dar was a Lodge ob Freemasons dar. When I fust lib'd dar dey used to meet in a little chamber 'way up ober ole Major Millett's shed; but by 'm by dey got so many folks 'ticed into dere ole concern dat dey made up dere minds dey could 'ford to hab a new hall. Cele Watson was one ob 'um—blast his pictur!—By golly, I s'pecs if eber I go back to Rustfield I shall shoot dat ar feller—rot him!"

The darkey went through the manipulations of throttling an imaginary foe, and then continued:

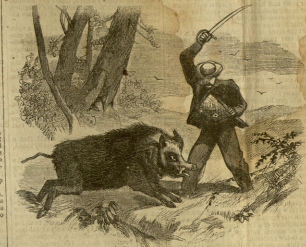
"Ye see, dis yer Cele Watson built a new shop to make shoes an' boots in, an' up in de garret he fixed off a hall purpose for de Freemasons. Dey'd had two or free meet'ns in dar when, one day, Watson cum to me, an' says he, 'Ole Fitz., I want you to do some paintin' up in our new hall.' I didn't s'pect what a cussed place dat ar hall was, or I'd nebber gone up dar in de world. I know'd 'at dey raised de berry debble wid de poor 'luded wictims dat dey 'ticed into dat ar hall nights; but I didn't t'ink dey'd let dere 'bolical works stick rite out in clar, open daylight; so I tole dat ar miser'ble scamp ob a Cele Watson dat I'd go up an' paint for him. He went up wid me an' show'd me what he wanted done. De hall was bigger 'n I fo't it was, an' it wer fixed up mitey nice, 'siderin' what kind ob folks had de fixin' on it. Dar was a carpet on de flo', an' dar was two great big brass posts, wid great balls on top ob 'em—'least, dey looked like brass, an' Cele Watson said dey was brass; but den I s'pecs dey was noff'n but pine wood wid bronze on um, dat's my 'pinion. Dar wer free little desks—one at boff ends ob de hall, an' one on one ob de sides; but dar wasn't none on de odder side. Dem was to be painted white. 'Fore ole Watson went off he says to me, says he:

"'Look yer, ole Fitz., dar's one place yere ye mustn't look into. Ye see dat little door?'

"I tole him I seed it.

"'Wal,' says he, 'ye mustn't open dat door. Dat's war we keep our secrets.' An' he looked awful solemkolly, an' shook his head.

"I tole him dat I wasn't a fool; an' if he'd go 'bout his bizness I'd do his paintin' for him.



By 'm by he went away, an' I went to work. Arter I'd painted a spell, I stopped an' looked at dat ar door. Ob course I kind o' wondered what dar was in dar. In a little while I fo't I heard sumff'n make a noise in dar. I listened, an' pooty soon I guessed it was rats. An' den I went to paintin' agin. Next time I stopped to rest I looked at dat ar door once more. By golly, I 'gun to wish 'at I know'd what dey'd got in dar. In a little while t'inks I to myself, dey'd no bizness to leff dis chile here alone ef dey didn't want him to diskibber de secrets. An' den I fo't ob Cele Watson, an' when I fo't ob him I wor mad. By golly, I was bound to look into dat ar place anyhow. I crep' up to de door, an' when I'd stopped jes' long enuff to know dat dar wasn't anybody 'round, I h'isted de latch, an' pulled it open. It wor dark as pitch in dar, an' I fo't I seed two sparks ob fire, like two great eyes, staring rite at me. I was jes' a t'inkin' whedder I'd go in, or whedder I'd shut de door, an' go 'way, when sumf'n moved.

"'Hallo!' says I, 'who's dar?' By golly, I guess I found out who's dar mitey quick. De words wasn't out ob my mouf 'fore sumf'n made a rush. I jumped back, but I wasn't quick enuff. Slambang! lickerty-smash! cum a cussed old goat, as big as a cow, an' wid horns like a twisted cable. He hit me rite in de middle ob de belly, an' dat's de last t'ing I know'd for more'n two or free hours. When I cum to myself I was down in Watson's shoe-shop, an' more'n five hundred folks war dar a look'n at me, an' sum ob 'um was a laff'n. When Cele Watson seed dat I'd cum to life he whispered to me—rite clost to my ear—an' says he: 'For God's sake, Fitzeben, don't tell nobody what ye seed up sta'rs!' But I didn't promis' him. I got home as soon as I could, an' sent for Doctor Howe. He said he guessed I'd got a compound cussion on de—de— it war sumf'n dat he called de bow'ls—an' he put on a mustard poultis, an' made me go to bed. It war more'n ten weeks afore I got de ache out ob my belly.

"By golly! p'raps ye t'ink I didn't tell nobody what I seed up in dat ar brack hole in de Mason's hall. Well—p'raps I didn't; an' den, agin, p'raps I did. All I've got to say on de subjec' is, a man must be e'der berry i'gnorant, or else berry unsofisticated, when he j'ines dem yer Masons."

"But," said Darley, as the darkey closed his story, "you do not mean to say that you openly told what you had discovered in that dark closet?"

"By golly, I did. I tole ebberybody I could."

"Didn't the masons try to kill you?"

"Blast 'em, no. Dey laff'd at me, an' tole dat dey put de goat in dar a purpus to try me. Dat, ye see, was dere way ob hidin' de tru'f. Dey fo't ef dey laff'd at me, folks would t'ink I'd been made a fool ob. But dey couldn't laff de idee out ob dis chile—not by a darn' sight. By golly, ef I hadn't a been a moral nigger, I should a' set fire to dat yer cussed ole coop—I know I should!"

We had a hearty laugh over the old darkey's story; and as I arose to stretch myself Fitzeben ventured:

"P'r'aps, mas'r Kurn'l, you'd like to swar' 'at dey didn't show you no goat when dey 'ticed ye into de masons."

"Not such a goat as you saw, Fitz. The one which I saw was an exceedingly well behaved goat."

"Well, p'r'aps Ole Watson gub dat goat ob his'n red pepper purpus to make him ugly. By golly, 'twould be jes' like him."

The rain continued to fall during the day, but early in the evening the clouds rolled away, and the stars shone forth. On the following morning we mounted our horses, spears in hand, the Shikarees having promised to lead us to the cover of more wild hogs. I was anxious for the sport, for I wished to retrieve the errors of our former shikar; and I had faith to believe that I learned something about the handling of the spear. We rode to the northward, and at the distance of five or six miles we started up a good sized boar. Malek and Abdalla drove him from his cover, and very soon we were in full chase. As on the previous occasion Darley's light Arabian took the lead on the start, but I soon overhauled and passed him. I was destined, however, to be cheated of "first spear." Just when I fancied that the game was in hand the boat made an abrupt turn around a dense brake, and I lost sight of him. I looked back after Darley, and saw him and Harry turning off to pass around the brake in the opposite direction, and I had just raised the point of my spear for a start through the bushes when out leaped an old sow directly before me, darting off in the same track the boar had taken. At this unexpected appearance my horse reared and turned, and it was some moments before I could get him right. At length, however, I was off again, pell-mell through the bushes and in a little while I struck an opening beyond the brake. I saw the sow at a standstill, not more than five or six rods away, and I had just couched my spear for a stroke when the boar came bursting into sight with a spear in his shoulder. He saw me, and charged furiously, directly towards me. My first impulse was to turn and let him pass; but that might be fatal; so I drew a tight rein upon the left, and prepared to strike him as he came. I delivered the blow with all my strength, and the sharp iron penetrated deep into the boar's throat, staggering him in his course, and throwing him upon his side. I was congratulating myself upon the magnificent spear-stroke as well as upon the excellent manner in which my horse had behaved, when a sudden rush caused me to raise my eyes, and I saw the sow coming with terrible earnestness. I had no time to draw back my spear, and no time to draw a rein. Old Morgan reared, and would have turned, but before he could do so the tearing brute was between his legs, and over we went. From long use to dangers in the saddle it had become one of my instincts to free my feet from the stirrups upon the approach of such an emergency, and this I did on the present occasion; so, when my horse fell I went clear of him, very fortunately landing upon the soft grass, and receiving no bodily injury whatever.

I regained my feet just in season to see the boar struggling up, and drawing my sword I gave him a slashing cut across the back that severed the spine, and settled him beyond the power of further effort.

The reader will understand that all this, from the appearance of the boar to his death, including the rush of the sow and my overthrow, had occurred in a very short space of time; and just as I was wiping the edge of my sword with my sleeve, Darley and Harry Rusk came dashing up. At the same moment old Morgan regained his feet; but before I attended particularly to his case I gave my companions information touching the sow, and they put off after her.

I found my horse not injured in the least.—He had been fairly tripped up, and had fallen first upon his haunches, and had then rolled over upon the grass. The Shikarees had joined me, and my boy Dan was securing a broken girth, when we heard the sharp report of a rifle, quickly followed by a second report. I leaped to my saddle as soon as the girth had been fixed, and at a short distance beyond the brake I found the sow in the agonies of death, and old Ben Gilroy was dismounting by her side with his rifle in his hand.

"There!" cried the fat hunter, giving his rifle a triumphant flourish; now "what d'ye think about my shooting a wild hog! Go to thunder with your spears. They aren't fit for civilized people to hunt with!"

Old Ben had really brought the hog down with his rifle, and he had good reason to be proud. His first shot had fortunately entered behind the shoulder, and gone through the heart.

We had a keen appetite for supper when we reached the bungalow that night.

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

You know what it is to lie awake at night, I suppose, while every lumpish human creature in the house is sleeping, regardless of the perspiration standing in drops on your bewitched forehead; regardless of your twitching fingers, and kicking toes, and glaring, distended eyes; regardless of your increasing disgust at each miserable moment at the monotonous tap, tap, tap, of solitary heels on the forsaken sidewalk; regardless of your meditated vengeance on the morrow, should you perchance survive to see it, upon the owner of that flapping-blind across the way, which has been slamming fore-and-aft all night, and yet never dropped, as you hoped it might, on somebody's or anybody's head—you didn't care whose, so that you might have been delivered from the nuisance.

In vain have you tried the humbugging recipe of saying the Multiplication Table; in vain have you repeated poetry by the yard, or counted one hundred; in vain have you conjugated verbs, or done any of the idiotic things recommended in such cases. *Two* o'clock has just struck, and no somniferous result has followed. Well—if you can't sleep, you *won't* sleep, that's all. You'll just get up, and strike a light and read. You do it; but the fire is low, and cold shivers run up and down your backbone. You're hungry! yes—that must be it. You'll go to the closet, and get a bit of cold chicken you wot of. Good heavens! if one of those lumpish, snoring wretches hasn't devoured it before going to bed. You go look at the creature vindictively; *you* know just who would be capable of such a meanness. She has slept there these three hours, on the strength of that bit of purloined chicken—*your* chicken—while you haven't closed an eyelash. She *will* sleep comfortably till daylight; and get up with a clear head, and refreshed limbs, to breakfast. Then she will eat, like a great healthy pig, while "vittels" look perfectly nauseous to you, who will then be too exhausted to be hungry. You look at the creature again, and think of Judith and Holofernes; and don't wonder as you used at Judith. Indeed, she seems to you at that moment rather an estimable person than otherwise; and as to pitying Holofernes, why should *you* pity anybody who could *sleep?*

You walk to the window. It is some comfort that the stars have to wink all night as well as you. And there's a policeman, dragging up and down in the cold, and slapping his hands across his breast to keep warm. Good! you're glad of it. Four o'clock! Gracious! how you *will* feel to-morrow. If you only had a bottle of ale to make you stupid and drowsy. And sure enough, now you think of it, there is just one left. You seize it! Why—somebody has unwired the cork. Merciful man! it is only *Ink*. Now, that's a little too much for a tired soul. Suppose you should begin and run from the top of the stairs to the bottom, as fast and as loud as you could, and wake up the whole concern. And as the vision of terrified nightgowns rises before your mental vision, you commence grinning noiselessly like a maniac; then laughing hysterically; then crying outright; and the next thing you know it is eight o'clock in the morning, and coffee and rolls and beefstake are awaiting your advent.

FANNY FERN.

PUBLIC SHOWS.

Marvellous is the patience and long suffering with which our female population await the coming of a "procession" or public show. "Twelve o'clock at mid-day" is publicly announced to be the hour at which their expectant eyes are to be rewarded. Everybody who knows anything about "processions" knows that twelve o'clock *means* just three hours *after* twelve. Ignoring this stubborn fact, the Melindas and Sarah-Janes and Dorcas-Anns, swallowing their breakfast whole, and postponing the ablution of their progeny, with the exception of their faces, hurry to the scene of action by eight o'clock in the morning, and with crackers in their pockets to appease their clamorous brood, select the most eligible flight of stone steps, and planting themselves and theirs upon it, defy policemen, civilians, and all or any one, wind and rain included, to dislodge them from that chosen locality, until everything has been seen and heard that the most credulous newspaper-correspondent could chronicle. Babies may squeal as long as they like; for once the maternal heart is adamant. Johnny may be sleepy, but Johnny for once has to wait the turn of events. He looks up in his "Ma's" face and reads there a quiet, dogged persistence, which baffles and, at the same time, awes him. So he eats crackers till his jacket is too tight, and mourns in secret.

As for the sight-seeing *male* population, they won't stand "procession nonsense" one hour, unless they are compelled to make one of the show. They look at their watches, go to ———'s and take a drink —; go to another ———'s and take a lunch; buy a paper and read it, and if the procession by that time is not forthcoming, it may go to the d——ickens—"it is just as well to read about it in the paper of the next morning;" and a great deal better to hear all the little spicy details which papers omit, from their wives at tea time, who, bless their souls, are not to be deprived of the blessing of talking about it after their nine children have comfortably ended their day's sorrows in bed. The most curious part of it is, that the appetite for procession-seeing seems to grow by what it feeds on. No amount of satiety seeming to exhaust female patience or to quench female enthusiasm in this regard.

FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUT WEST gives a certain class of gold speculators a piece of his mind, as follows: "There seem to be so many would-be gold speculators, who have not the brains to become so, continually troubling you, that I really wish you would let *me* have one dip at them. If gold is at 40 per cent. premium, to find how much could be obtained for $700 currency: If it is at 40 per cent. premium, then $1.40 will buy $1 gold. If they can't see *that*, there is no help for them. Then if $1.40 currency will buy $1 gold, $700 currency would buy just as many dollars, gold, as $1.40 is contained times in $700, *which is 500 times, or 500 dollars*. So with one who said he paid $1,000 for $600 gold when it was at 40 per cent. premium, then waited till it advanced to 54 per cent. and sold out to find himself the loser. (Great speculator, not to know the simplest rules of per centage.) But if $1,000 is paid for $600, then there is $400 premium. Now, what is that on?—the $600 or the $1,000? Of course it is on the article bought or sold, the $600. If, therefore, $600 have a premium of $400, $1 will have as much premium as $600 is contained times in $400, which is 66⅔ hundredths times, or 66⅔ per cent. Before one of these 'speculators' pays out all his money for gold again, he would do well to spend a little of it for an elementary arithmetic."

NOVICE, Ludlow, Mass.—The rule for finding the third side of a right-angled triangle, when two sides are given, is based upon the fact that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the base and perpendicular. In your case you have the hypotenuse and base given. As the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the base and perpendicular, it is evident that the *square root of the difference* between the square of the hypotenuse and the square of the base would be the height of the perpendicular. The lenghth of the hypotenuse of the triangle, given by you, is 21 feet, the square of which is 441. The base is 13 feet, the square of which is 169, which, taken from 441, leaves a difference of 272; and the square root of this last number would be the height of the perpendicular.

A. O. R.—When a young man "attempts to escort three girls home in such a manner as to give perfect and equal satisfaction to each of them," he undertakes a big job—rather bigger, in fact, than he will be able to accomplish. No wonder, therefore, that you were nonplussed. No matter to which of them you had offered your arm, the others would have "felt hurt," and if you had not offered it to any of them, they would have set you down as a "great bear!" Hereafter, take one at a time.

P. H. S.—There *is* more than one kind of mink caught or trapped in this country. There is the wood mink and the water mink; the former, as its name indicates, being a denizen of the woods, and the latter taking to the water like the otter. The wood mink is smaller than the water mink, and its fur is less esteemed. The color of the fur of each varies from black to dark brown.

DANBY.—The fact that a husband is cross to his wife and does not care anything for her, or that a wife is cross to her husband and cares nothing for him, is not a sufficient reason for either one's leaving the other and breaking up the family. The marriage relation is not to be shuffled off for any trivial reason, or even for any grave reason which falls short of the one laid down in Scripture as being sufficient.

GERMAN READER, (90 Second st.)—The *Herald* has the largest daily circulation of any paper published in this city. The circulation of the LEDGER is more than one hundred thousand copies larger than that of the *Weekly Tribune*, or of any other weekly paper in the country.

A READER, (Washington, D. C.)—If the proprietor of the book-stand of the Metropolitan Hotel charges you more than five cents for the LEDGER, you ought not to patronize him. You can buy it for five cents at all the book-stores in Washington.

W. H. T., U. S. Sanitary Commission, Washington.—The last volume of the LEDGER commenced on March 7. You can obtain numbers of the LEDGER of various dates during the year 1863, by ordering them through any newsdealer.

J. M. H.—You will find the lines concerning the poor man whose memory was so weak

"————the name
His mother called him by
He scarce remembered," &c., &c.,

in Pollock's Course of Time.

DANIEL.—If you can not cope in argument with the infidels you mention, why do you argue with them? Enjoy your better faith in quiet, and leave argument to such as have ability to wield it successfully.

ENQUIRER.—In the phrase you quote, to wit: "My hands are free from blood, and have no gust for it, that they should drink my child's," the word *they*, understood, is the nominative of "have."

TILMAN, Ohio, sends the following solution of the problem given by PUZZLE, in the LEDGER of February 20th:—"A, B and C start from the same point to travel round a circular island 72 miles in circumference. A travels six miles a day, B ten miles a day, and C sixteen miles a day; when will they come together again?

Solution: 10—6—4 miles B}
16—6—10 miles C} gains on A in 1 day.

If B gains 4 miles on A in 1 day, he will gain 1 mile in ¼ of a day, and to gain 72 miles, it will take 72 times ¼ of a day, which is 72-4=18 days. By the same analysis it will take C 72-10=7 2-10 days to overtake A. Hence A and B will meet for the first time in 18 days; and A and C will meet for the first time in 7 2-10 days. Therefore A, B and C will meet in any common multiple of these days. The least common multiple of 18 or 36-2 and 7 2-10 or 72-10, is 36; hence they will all meet again for the first time in 36 days. To find the least common multiple of the fractions 36-2 and 72-10, find the least common multiple of the numerators, which is 72, and the greatest common divisor of the denominators, which is 2; divide the least common multiple thus obtained by the greatest common divisor and the quotient will be the least common multiple of the fractions. A will travel 3 rounds, B 5 rounds and C 8 rounds.

H. C. B., Boston.—We have received about a hundred solutions of the problem which you have solved, all of which arrive at the same result, but some of which are more brief and lucid than others. Your solution strikes us as being the most simple and direct of all, and we therefore give it: "I will first restate the problem: Suppose that a wolf could eat a sheep in one hour, that a fox could eat it in two hours, and that a dog could eat it in three hours, how long would it take them all, eating together, to devour the sheep? If the wolf could eat the sheep in one hour, in one minute he would eat 1-60 of it. If the fox could eat it in two hours, in one minute he could eat 1-120 of it. If the dog could eat the sheep in three hours, in one minute he would eat 1-180 of it. In one minute, then, all three of them would eat 1-60 and 1-120 and 1-180, which equal 11-360. If they could eat 11-360 in one minute, to eat the whole carcass would take them as many minutes as 11 is times contained in 360, which is 32 8-11. Therefore, it would take the wolf, the fox and the dog 32 minutes and 8-11 of a minute to eat the sheep, all of them eating together."

INFELIX.—"Can you tell me," writes INFELIX, "what is the matter? This is my case: I cannot retain my lady friends. I form an acquaintance with a lady, and for some weeks, perhaps some months, all goes on quietly and well, but soon she begins to grow cold and distant—*why*, I cannot tell—I ask you. It is not that I am attentive at one time and neglectful at another; or that I am attentive to new friends and neglectful of the old; nor that I ever attempt the part of a male coquette, (I am too unsuccessful and too bashful for that,) or that I ever boast of my intimacy or friendship with a lady. No one has firmer male friends, no one makes male friends more easily, no one retains his gentleman friends longer than I, but with the ladies it is different. What is the matter? Will you assist me with your advice?" State your case to the ladies themselves. *They* are the only ones who can tell you what the matter is.

T. W. O. AND A. C. bought two horses. For the first they paid $95, for the second $125—both having equal shares, or $110 each in the two horses. "Now," say our correspondents, "A. C. has kept both horses to the amount of $40 for feed bill. T. W. O. agrees to take the horse that cost $95 at that price, and pay A. C. $20, or half the feed bill. A. C. agrees to take the horse that cost $125 at $115, beside his half of the feed bill. Or, in shorter terms, T. W. O. agrees to take the horse that cost $95 at $115, bill included. A. C. agrees to take the horse that cost $125 at $115, beside his (A. C.'s) feed bill; and both are willing. Now, how much is due to either, and to which one, if any?" Let some of our young readers try their hands at answering this question.

EDITH.—Apply to the Secretary of State for the passport you wish. Germany is a wide word, geographically and politically; and, as you do not mention under what government, or in whose dominions, you are to take up your future abode, we cannot do more than give you a general assurance that your peaceful profession will not subject you to any interference of the police authorities, otherwise than in protecting you. Of course you will bear in mind that the despotic sovereigns of Europe do not expect American governesses to teach politics.

C. M. O.—It is better for all the members of a family to seek their amusement and recreation at home and together, than to roam abroad for it separately. Simple and innocent games can be enjoyed together in the family circle, books can be read and discussed, and the hopes and fortunes of the family considered, in many different, interesting and satisfactory ways. Then, too, excursions abroad can be taken together by members of the family. And thus the family will become more and more united and devoted to one another.

ANN.—It may be that it would be better for a married man to tell his wife of his intention to join a secret society, such as the Odd Fellows, or Masons; but if he should omit to tell her of his intention, before joining the society, it would be exceedingly indiscreet for her to make a fuss about it, and annoy him with charges of deception, lack of confidence in her, &c. Many a husband has been estranged from his home by such foolish conduct on the part of his wife.

S. B.—If the number of one farmer's horses bore such a relation to the number owned by the other, that if the latter (whom we will designate as A) should give one of his to the former (whom we will call B), B would have just as many as A, whereas if B should give one of his to A, A would have twice as many as B, then A must have had seven horses and B must have had five.

OMEGA.—When a man enters into a marriage engagement, it is optional with himself and the lady to make the fact known or to keep it a secret. If by your "friends and relatives" you mean your parents, and if you are under age and living at home, you would be acting disrespectfully to them to enter into such an engagement without their knowledge or consent.

JAMES DILSON.—We did receive your letter, but the business was so much out of our ordinary path, that we could not give you any satisfactory reply. However, to be plain, we cannot share in the business, however tempting the profits of it may be; but we hope that you will be able fully to carry it out for your own sole advantage.

MINNIE.—You must judge for yourself. We, however, recommend you to refrain as much as you can from nurturing an affection for a young man of large fortune, until he is very distinct and very respectful in his attentions. By all means, consult your parents.

THOMAS J. HOLMES.—You have not the good fortune to possess whiskers, and you ask us to supply a *natural* deficiency. Perhaps you are not tall enough, and would feel obliged to us to add one or two cubits to your stature!

WALL-STREET.—The police have orders to sustain order in the streets. Much is therefore left to their individual discretion. They are not all equally wise, hence their occasional interferences with the well-disposed, of which you complain.

G. P. (Newark).—The mare, "Lady Woodruff," which the proprietor of the LEDGER presented to the Sanitary Fair, cost him, three years ago, upwards of three thousand dollars. She is a better and faster mare now than when he bought her.

RUDIE.—A long form of introduction is not so serviceable as a short one. "Miss Smith, Mr. Jones," is enough for ordinary occasions; or you might expand it a little by saying, "Miss Smith, permit me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Jones."

A. Y. M.—You are making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Propose to the girl at once, and learn your fate. If all that you say is true, she *may* reject you; but the sooner you bring the case to an issue, the better your chance of success will probably be.

METROPOLIS wants some reader of the LEDGER to give him the estimated cost of the various wars which have occurred since the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and including our present war, if it be possible to get at the statistics.

ANXIOUS.—It may be that a man with red hair might tone the color down a little, by using a lead comb. The best way for him to settle such a question, would be to get a lead comb and try the experiment.

PRINTER, Morning Herald & Gazette Office, Utica.—We have never permitted any of the stories written for the LEDGER by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., to be published in book form.

E. D. G. (Philadelphia).—Flora Temple trotted a mile in 2:19¾ at Kalamazoo, Mich. Some people say, however, that the track is short.

VERITAS.—Simply write to the Secretary of War, and he will furnish you with the information you require.

SCUBALL.—When gold is at 51 cents premium, for $110, in "greenbacks," you should receive $72.84 in gold.

*** Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*